

Local Tastemaker

D. CROSBY ROSS

COOKS UP A NEW CAREER

BY CORK MILLNER



CHAIRMAN OF THE SANTA BARBARA chapter of the American Institute of Wine and Food, host of the television show "A Matter of Taste," designer of Julia Child's kitchen on her series "Dinner at Julia's," and former owner of the Santa Barbara culinary emporium that still bears his name, D. Crosby Ross sits in the living room of his Santa Barbara home. He's reminiscing about his brief (he is only 30 years old) but rapidly rising culinary career. And wondering how it all happened.

"I made my first batch of French toast when I was seven," he says, taking a sip from the foamy cappuccino he has prepared. "My parents thought my preoccupation with the kitchen was a little unusual. They figured their son should be out playing football instead of experimenting with a recipe from *Gourmet* magazine."

Crosby pauses to spread a dab of butter on a scimitar-shaped croissant. A tiny sprig of flowers decorates the top of the bar of butter. He pulls a linen napkin from the pewter ring on the coffee table

and wipes his lips. When he speaks again, his voice is filled with energy and excitement as he recalls the roots of his love of food and its preparation.

"Strangely enough, I think what propelled me into a cooking career was my mother's basic dislike of cooking. She hated the kitchen. She gave a lot of dinner parties, but she had them catered. I used to sit enthralled in the kitchen while the caterers worked in a frenzy of plates and spoons serving 25 to 30 guests. I was amazed at the energy spent in the food's preparation. I loved the different aromas; I was entranced by the taste and variety of the dishes. And if any food came back on a guest's plate I would devour it like a little human garbage disposal."

Crosby folds the napkin and places it neatly on the coffee table. "My mother may not have liked to cook, but she had tremendous style and a marvelous flair in the way she presented food. To me that was, and always will be, one of the most important aspects of fine cooking—style. First you must always use fresh foods—the key word is freshness. Then you must take the time and thought to prepare the food properly. And finally you must present the food with flair and style."

D. Crosby Ross (the *D* stands for Dick-

Right: On a busman's holiday from his new TV show, D. Crosby Ross organized a picnic at Manning Park. He prepared the endive, watercress, and duck salad; roasted Japanese eggplants with basil, pine nuts, olive oil, and balsamic vinegar; stuffed game hens grilled with sesame and cilantro; and poached pears with shaved chocolate. Above left: Crosby rounded out the feast with items from the State Street emporium that still bears his name; the pasta salad, pâté, cheese, and wine were from The Pantry at D. Crosby Ross.

JÜRGEN HILMER







NEAPENDRA PRASAD

inson, a family name) received no formal training in the preparation of food. He dropped out of school at age 17 and married his high school sweetheart, a pretty young miss by the name of Kathy. By the time they were both 20, they had three children, Rachael, Joshua, and Daniel. Eight years later came another child, Dickinson.

"Kathy and I had to work our tails off to support our family," he says. "Right after we were married we opened a natural food business in Oregon. The only thing I knew was that I had to work in the area of food presentation. We sold that business in 1973, moved to Santa Barbara, and opened another store called Yesterday's Cupboard, which we eventually moved to Picadilly Square as the Cupboard. Then in 1979, I opened D. Crosby Ross on State Street. It was very successful. The primary focus was culinary; it was kind of a tabletop emporium. Unfortunately, I soon discovered that for me the retail business was limiting, stressful, and compromising. I sold it in 1982. I wanted to create something new that was visual, dynamic, and exciting." He shrugs, palms up. "The problem was, I didn't know what."

He looks around the living room of his home, which he decorated, and which has just been photographed for an issue of *Better Homes & Gardens*. The early American style shows off lean lines and bare wood with pale gray and blue tones. The sofas in front of the fireplace are

Crosby's career in television began when he designed Julia Child's kitchen for her cooking series, "Dinner at Julia's," on PBS. The designing of a second TV kitchen led to a job as host of his own cooking show. Right: Crosby's set for "A Matter of Taste" features modern overhead skylights and high-tech furnishings in purple, lavender, and rose. Above: On camera, Crosby samples the sauce of guest chef Joseph Rapport, owner of the First Street Grill in Claremont. Crosby's series of 21 half-hours will air early this year on PBS, sponsored by Holt, Rinehart & Winston, affiliates of CBS television.

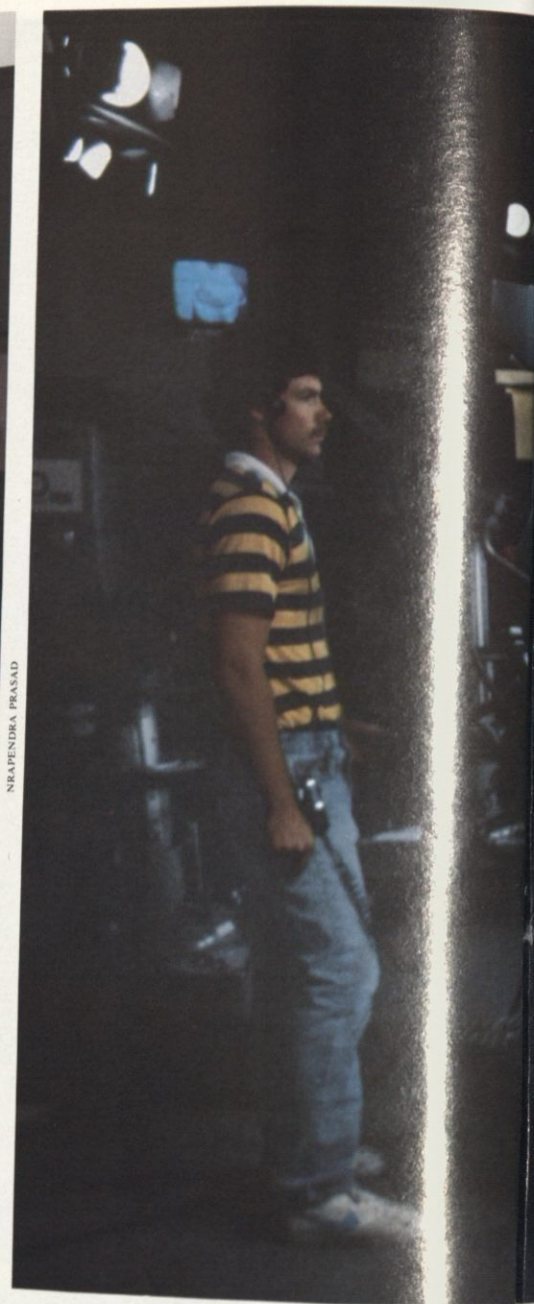
covered in delicate floral patterns of pink and purple. Several American "primitive" paintings decorate the walls. They seem to reflect the visual character of D. Crosby Ross himself, a tall, slender, somewhat gaunt man, not unlike a modernized version of the painting *American Gothic*.

He speaks in articulate tones, the words tumbling freely like a line of falling dominoes. "Here I was, 30 years old, thinking about a second career, and I really didn't know what I wanted to do. Oh, I did some work consulting with restaurants on menu design and recipe development, but there was no real direction. That's when Julia Child popped back into the picture."

Julia Child, that incorrigible cook who taught Americans the difference between

a truffle and a toadstool, had moved to Santa Barbara in 1981. Along with her husband Paul, she had decided to leave their home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where the winters held too much of a chill for them. In Santa Barbara, Julia quickly discovered that D. Crosby Ross's store was just her kind of place, one where she could find all the cooking paraphernalia her new kitchen demanded.

"When Julia started writing her cooking articles for *Parade* magazine, she would come traipsing down to the store to buy what she needed," Crosby says. His voice quickly changes into an amazingly realistic Julia Child chortle, a voice that could curdle cooling béarnaise sauce, and he mimics, "Oh, Crosby, could I just borrow another of your marvelous rectangular bakers, please?"





Crosby switches back to his own voice. "Julia is a warm and genuine person, and because of our similar interests we became good chums. She had this new television show coming up, and she didn't want to film it in Massachusetts, so the producer agreed to do the show in a residence in Hope Ranch. They asked me to design the kitchen."

This was just the chance that Crosby needed. What he didn't realize was that Julia Child's new series would be the genesis for his own emergence as a cooking-show host.

"A producer who had funding from CBS to do another cooking show to be aired on PBS admired my work on Julia's show," Crosby says. "The producer asked me to design the set for her show too. She said she was having a difficult

time finding a host for the show. She wanted a personality who could cook, was a bit of a showman, and could chatter over a casserole." Crosby grins wryly. "Then she looked at me and said, 'You know, Crosby, you're sort of animated. I think you could come across on television. Maybe you could do it.'"

"I shook my head no. Not me, I said. I had conducted cooking classes in the store and I loved to teach, but I had never done any television work. The producer asked me to come to Los Angeles for a screen test anyway. I told her she was grasping at straws. But I agreed to the test, figuring they'd take one look at me on the screen and that would be the last I'd hear of it."

He crosses one leg over the other knee. He wears loafers, no socks. (I have never

worn socks," he says, "never even wore them on the show.") "I really wasn't nervous when I took the screen test. I had no idea what to expect, but everyone was very friendly, and when they turned off the studio lights except the ones on the set and me, I suddenly felt right at home. I thought, gosh, I'm going to be able to hold court here and talk all about the things I really care about. I started making a salad and got so carried away with it I didn't know when to stop. Finally the producer had to scream, 'Enough, Crosby!' The next day the producer called and told me to get ready to start shooting next month. I was in shock."

A publishing company affiliated with CBS, Holt, Rinehart & Winston, sponsored the 21 half-hour shows. The series was educational in nature, and they

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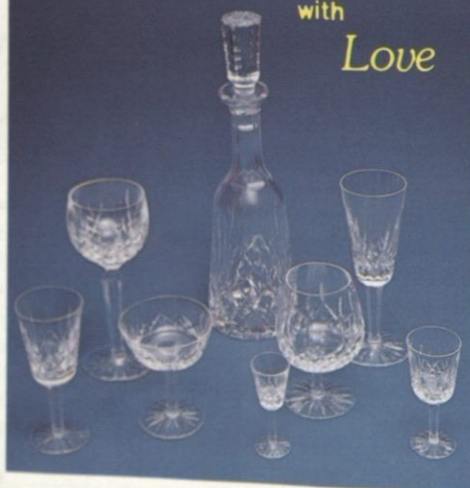
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planned to supplement it with workbooks and videocassettes. Educational experts had outlined the television course, dividing it into segments of food categories such as meat, fish, vegetables, salads, desserts, and so forth.

"Because the slant was so educational, I was afraid the show would be a little dull," Crosby says. "The textbook I was supposed to expand on had black and white photos of things like a can of Del Monte's green beans. But they were understanding and did give me full rein to create the recipes and design the menu."

The only real problem Crosby had was time. He had less than six weeks to work out the basic recipes and design the set for the show. "I wanted the set to have the same pizzazz and sparkle as the food. I wanted something exciting and dramatic rather than the tired old staged studio environment you see on most cooking shows. I used purple and rose and lavender colors, high-tech furniture, and overhead skylights. I think the whole thing came out very well on screen."

"Filming the show itself was the most intense six weeks I ever spent," he continues. "We were literally testing recipes until 2 a.m., then taping the show the morning by 7. My wife says I am often too much of a perfectionist, and on the show I was a bit worried because I didn't have the time to put everything together perfectly. On the screen everything had to be done in 27 minutes. I mean, in that time you had to have a whole salmon coming out of the fish poacher. Trying to do that and appearing to be enjoying it was something I had to learn—fast."

He sighs and shakes his head. "I was so naive about television. I always thought the star you saw on the screen was in charge. Huh, I was just a prop. Crosby changes his voice into the high pitched nasal twang of a set director. 'Just move him over there. Wait! What are those bags under Crosby's eyes? Make-up! Just set him down in that chair out of the way. Would somebody please get him cleaned up?'"

"I was like a pawn being shifted across the board," Crosby says in his normal voice. "It's not that they don't respect you, but filming is so expensive, everything has to be done in a hurry."

"Also, everything was upside down. Like all cooks, I was used to working with everything turned toward me, but on television it all had to be turned toward the camera. It's like trying to cook while standing on your head. And in your own kitchen you can slop around, and if you

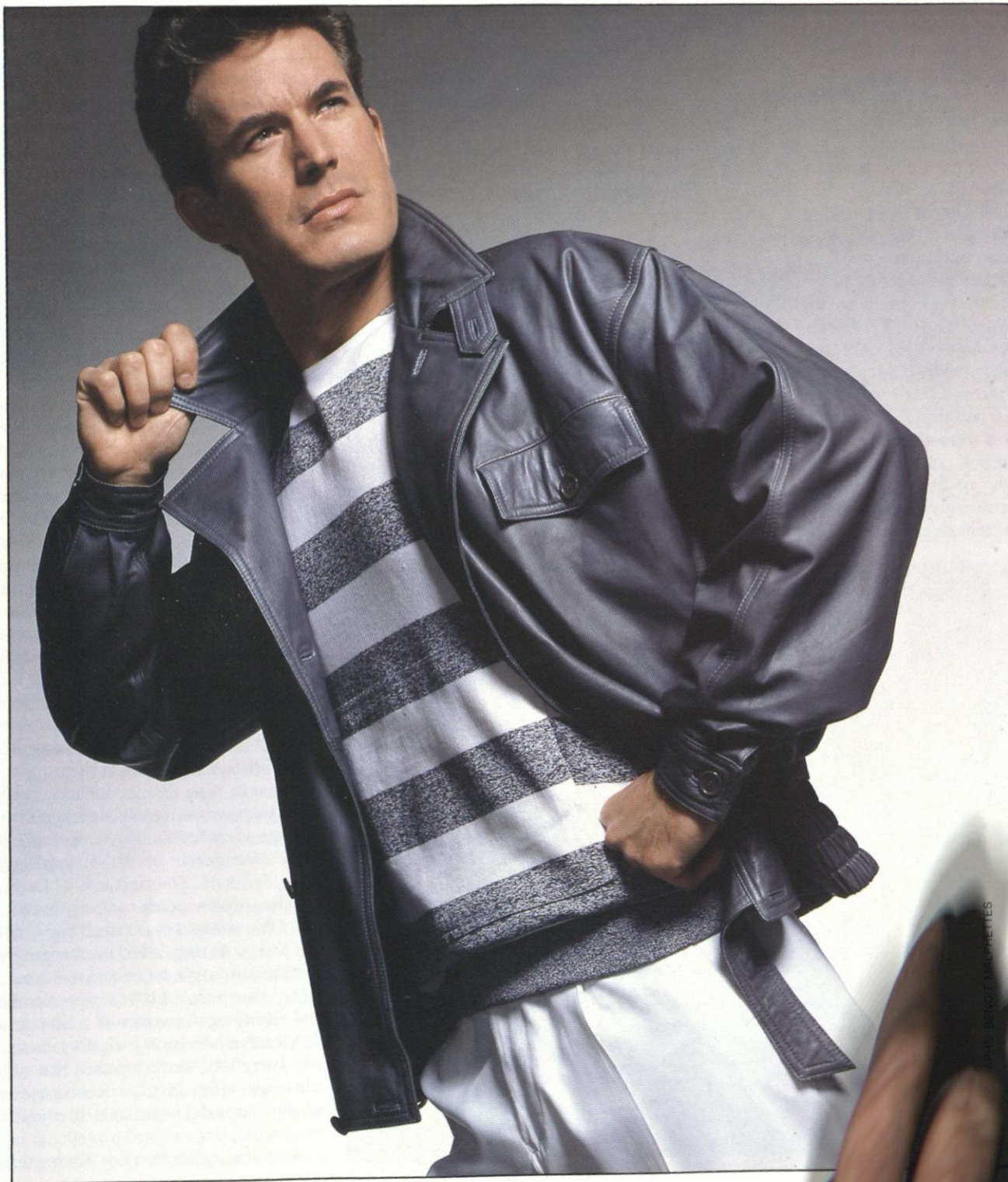
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Continued from page 12

don't want to clean up the counter, who cares? During the show the director in the control room had to keep screaming at me, 'Crosby, wipe off the counter!' By the end of 20 shows, I was scurrying around so fast, I looked like a maid rather than a cook."

Crosby has agreed to do another cooking show to be taped later this year. "I am really excited about this one," he says. "I will have had five months to put it together, and now I have a better sense of television. I know that we need an abundance of color on the screen—flowers and tons of produce cascading and spilling out to create visual excitement. I love the idea of a waterfall of fresh food. After all, that's the visual key to gourmet cooking—freshness."

Crosby says the antithesis of his culinary ideal is the supermarkets' frozen wasteland of TV dinners and "instant" mixes. "I love to look in people's shopping carts at the grocery checkout stand," he says. "They will stuff them full of frozen dinners and vegetable and cake mixes that have been hyped by the media as being fast and easy to prepare. I think to myself that if that person only went over to the produce section and got some fresh cauliflower, then bought a fresh fryer and a few fresh herbs, then went home and steamed the vegetables and threw the chicken in the oven with a little bit of butter and some chopped herbs, that person would have a dinner that was less expensive, had less calories, took less time to prepare, and was much more palatable and nutritious." Crosby leans forward, elbow on his knees, "And you don't have to be a gourmet cook to know how to prepare this simple food."

"Sometimes people come to my house thinking they are going to get to eat at this huge banquet that I have spent all day preparing. Now, I love to be in the kitchen, and I do spend a lot of time there, but when people come over I like to enjoy them as a host and not as a cook. I like to prepare food that doesn't occupy my conversation time."

"What I really love to do is throw food together spontaneously. I think if you are going to use the word *gourmet*, then let gourmet cooking mean something that is spontaneous and not too premeditated. Now, that doesn't mean that you have to throw away all your recipes. After all, they are simply an interpretation by another cook on how food should be prepared. The first time I cook a new food I always do it exactly the way the recipe

says. I want to know exactly how it comes out, how it tastes. Then I can improvise, using the recipe as inspiration. That's another key to gourmet cooking—improvisation."

For some people, the word *gourmet* has an elitist connotation that frightens them away from the serious and enjoyable art of preparing food. "Unfortunately, there doesn't seem to be a better buzz word between *gourmet* and *cook*," Crosby says. He shrugs. "I do feel the word is in transition and is losing some of its stuffiness. Twenty years ago a gourmet restaurant meant a place with 16 head-waiters, chilled forks, and cherries jubilee. Everything was pomp and circumstance, and the food was oversauced and overcooked."

"There has been a slow drifting away from the concept that French cooking is the epitome of fine food. Minuscule portions with high price tags have driven diners away from French restaurants. What people want is a little more bulk on their plate. They want things like corn chowder and blueberry muffins, robust foods that go back to the American way of eating without being gross. I think that in the 1960s Americans discovered French cuisine, and in the 1980s they are discovering California cuisine. We're turning inward toward our roots."

"I think people worry too much about food preparation. Sometimes I will go over to a person's house for dinner, and they will apologize for not being a gourmet cook; yet the food will be great. Then there are the self-professed gourmet cooks who fuss over food so much they actually kill it. They have cooked it, flambéed it, sauced it, sautéed it until there is no original flavor left."

He sets his coffee cup down and says intensely, "Look. The idea is to get into the kitchen, roll up your sleeves—don't worry about making mistakes—and have fun doing things that are a little bit zany. And with a little bit of luck, and a little more work, you can learn to present fresh foods that have their own special flair and style."

Spontaneity, luck, work, freshness, flair, and style. The words describe more than one man's culinary philosophy. Without even knowing it, D. Crosby Ross has summed up the recipe for his own success to a T. ■

Cork Millner writes books, screenplays, stage comedies, and magazine articles at his home in Santa Barbara. Vintage Valley, his book on local wineries, was published recently by McNally & Loftin.



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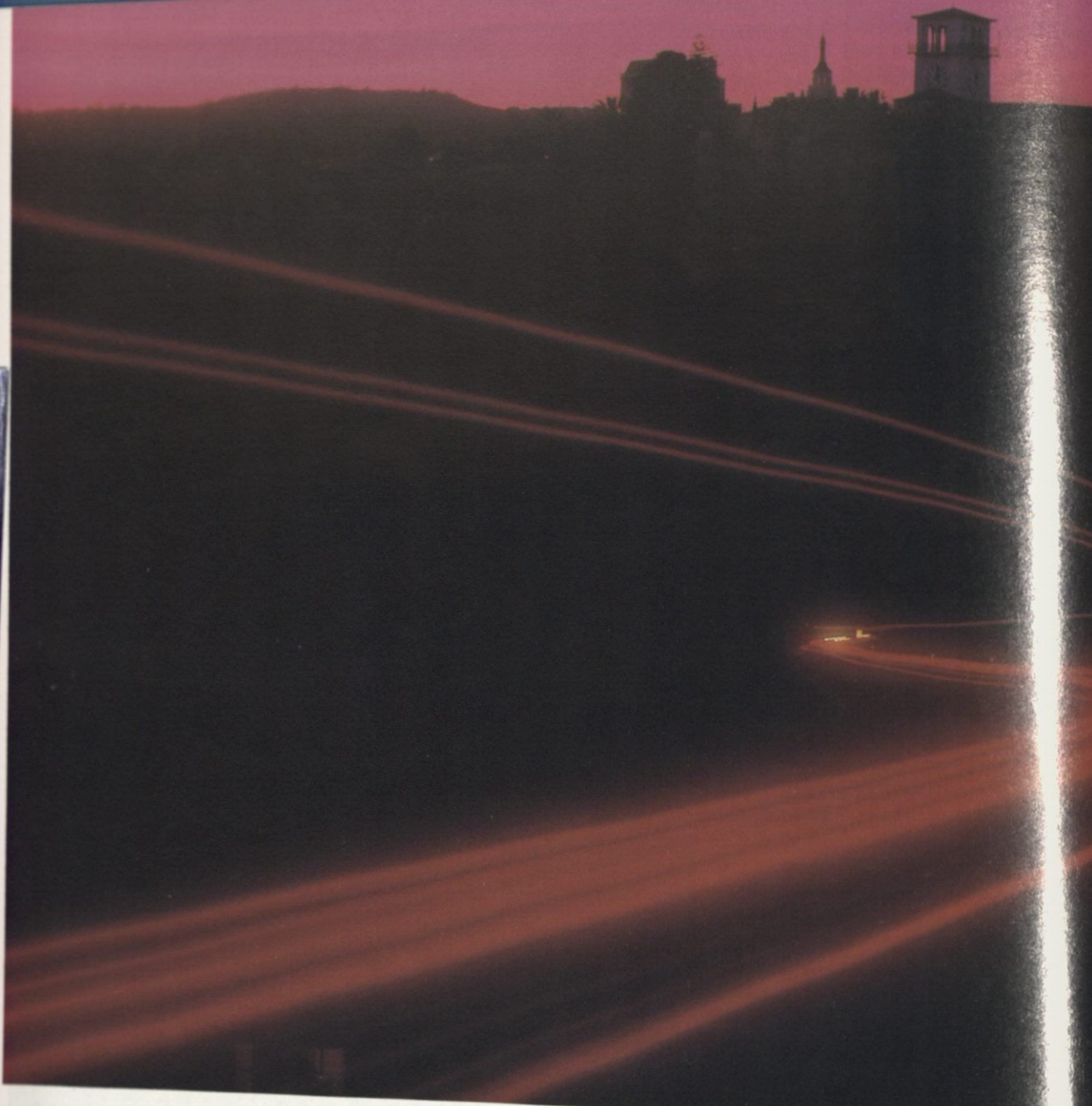
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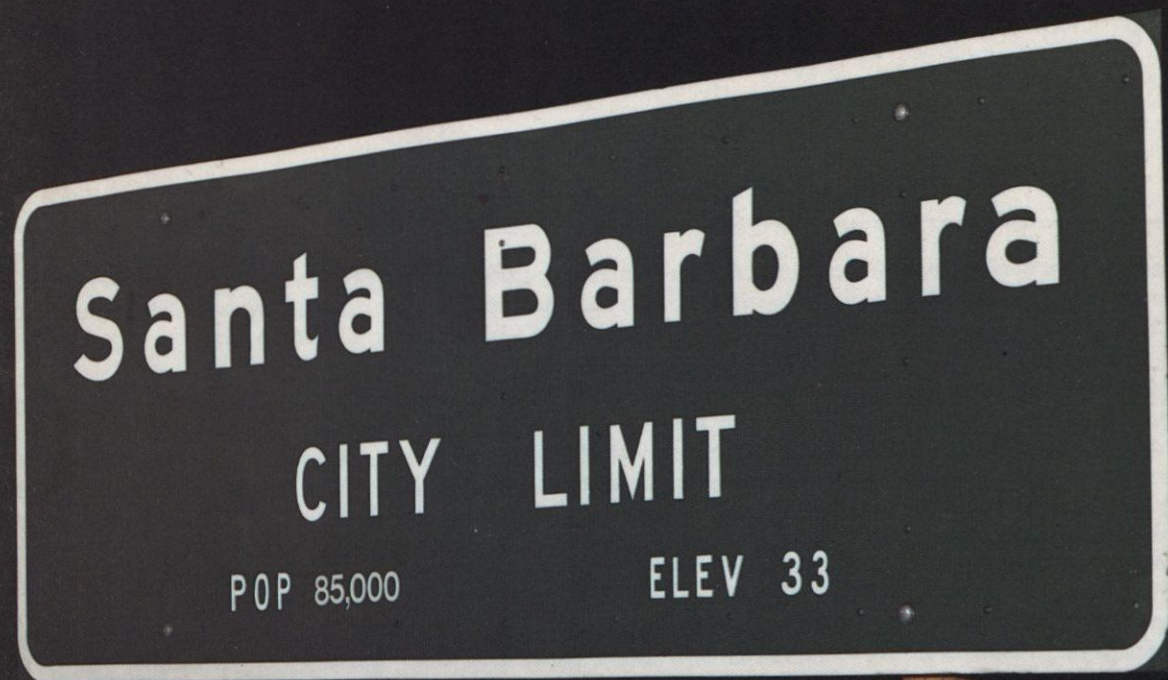
BY DAVID HARDY

The clocks were still striking 12 one cold day in January 2000 when Winston Smith, his chin tucked against a sharp ocean breeze, stepped briskly from the Bullet Train into the old tile-roofed railroad depot and out onto State Street. His purpose? To behold the changes that had taken place in Santa Barbara since 1984 . . .

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL BOYD

JUST WHAT WOULD WINSTON SMITH, the protagonist of George Orwell's 1984, find if he were to disembark in Santa Barbara in the year 2000? Would our red-tile and palm-tree motif have given way to glass and steel? Or would the ghost of Pearl Chase still stalk city hall, wisely guiding city fathers and mothers to maintain the Santa Barbara Tradition?

For a look at the possibilities, let's join Mr. Smith on State Street for a tour in a brand-new solar-powered electric car, a car made possible by major advances in size reduction and power retention of batteries and by the enormous drop in the price of photovoltaic cells. (Mr. Smith, of course, arrived on the 200-mile-an-hour Bullet Train that unites San Diego and San Francisco. It left Los Angeles at



11:15 a.m., stopped in Ventura, and pulled in here promptly at noon.)

We turn right on State Street, away from the tree-lined raised freeway, driving to Stearns Wharf. Alongside us runs the People Mover, a tram run by inductive coupling between downtown and the beach. Because of Santa Barbara's increasing traffic (Santa Barbara finally reached its 85,000 population limit several years ago) and the People Mover's popularity, two additional routes are planned—one along the beachfront and the other linking the city's outlying parking lots to the downtown.

We pass the new motels that have replaced the car dealerships, the giant plaza at State and Cabrillo, and the bronze dolphins leaping in spraying fountains at the two beachside corners—a solution to

the fountain debates of the 1980s.

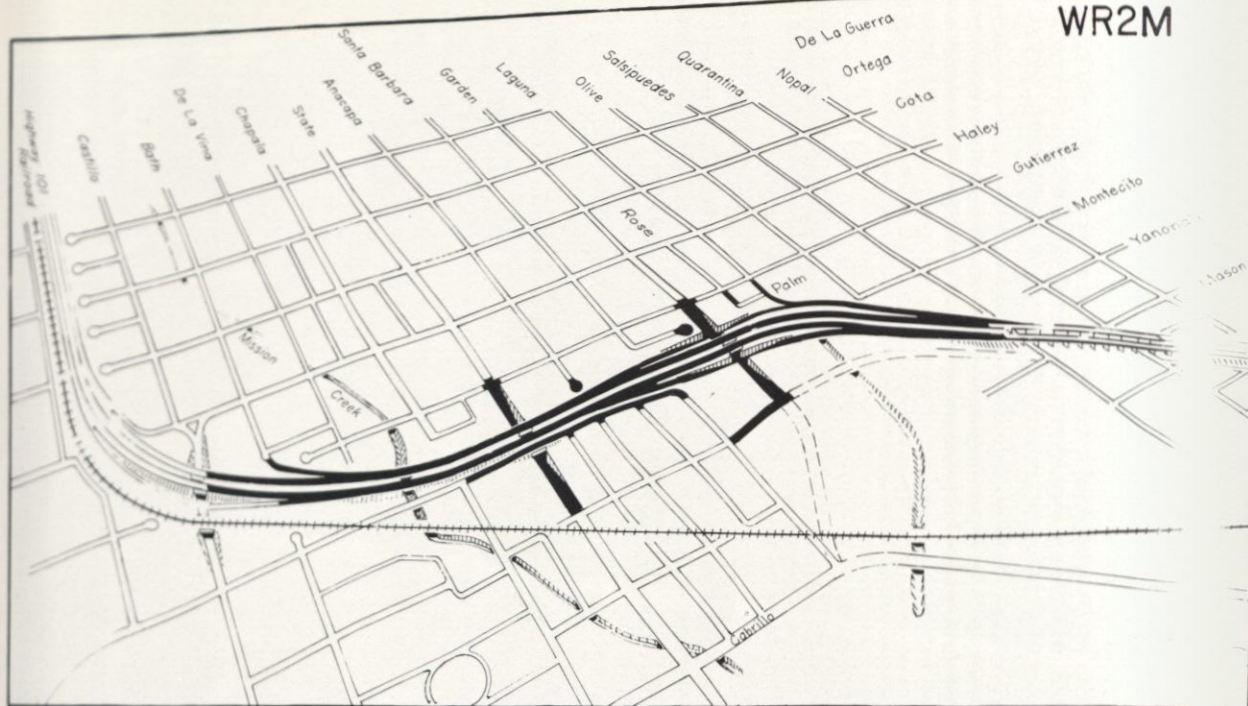
At the end of Stearns Wharf, we admire the ten-year-old breakwater extension (built just in time to protect the wharf from the disastrous storms and high tides of 1990), the lush Parker hotel frontage that sets the big hotel apart from the many other new Cabrillo Boulevard hotels, and the numerous shopping arcades that have sprung up in the shells of old warehouses.

Since Santa Barbara Street now winds into Garden Street and under the freeway at a new interchange, we leave the wharf to follow that route north past Garden Street's offices and shops. The new commercial buildings have second-story apartments decorated with geraniums cascading from window boxes.

At De La Guerra Street, we turn left to

take a look at the faithfully restored presidio, and at State Street we turn right to observe Bullock's department store, which was finally built at the corner of Canon Perdido and State. Although congested, the traffic on State has improved since the city synchronized the computer-modulated traffic lights to accommodate the People Mover and passenger cars at a steady 28 miles an hour. Eliminating the mid-block crossing lights also helped keep things moving and reduced air pollution.

We turn right at Figueroa Street, continue south around the block, and drive west on Carrillo Street toward the downtown hotel complex at Chapala Street. The hotel's massive beauty stuns Mr. Smith. Of course, he has ample time to admire it as we sit in a traffic jam.



Several major changes will alter the face of Santa Barbara by the year 2000. Above: Construction on a new \$45.4-million crosstown freeway is scheduled to begin in the spring of 1986. Caltrans estimates the new freeway will take between two and a half and three years to complete.

He grins with an idea. "I'd like to go on the crosstown freeway," he says. "I've never driven it without traffic lights and backed-up cars." As we ride nonstop on Highway 101 from the Carrillo entrance past the new performing arts center to the Milpas exit, he chortles with delight.

We exit into the Eastside, which hasn't changed much, although some of the recently rehabilitated and constructed buildings have been designed at 45-degree angles to the street and are topped by black polka-dotted panels. In the late 1980s, the city council required all new structures to be built with southern orientations for better passive solar design. The panels on top of the old and new buildings are photovoltaic solar sheets, generating electricity for home use. In a good month, I tell Smith, many households make enough electricity to give some back to the Edison Company, resulting in a credit on their bills. In the same vein, I describe the 100-turbine wind farm Edison has built up the coast on 200 acres once intended for a nuclear generating plant. . . .

LOOKING AHEAD to the time of Mr. Smith's imaginary trip at the turn of the century, today's Mayor Sheila Lodge says, "I really don't think the feel of the town will change much by then. If Santa Barbara Beautiful continues its street-

tree replacements, Santa Barbara should look even better!"

Scot Stewart, Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce president, agrees. "I can never see Santa Barbara changing aesthetically. The Redevelopment Agency has done wonders for downtown Santa Barbara in housing, the mall, in parking, even on things as small as a drinking fountain."

Bill Levy, native Santa Barbaran, real estate entrepreneur, and banker, feels the same. If a major department store downtown accompanies his hotel project, he says, the downtown area will grow more and more beautiful as it adds quaint shops and patios like the present La Arcada and El Paseo. "It can be the nicest walking area in the country," Levy contends.

Others aren't as optimistic. Marc McGinnes, a lecturer in environmental studies at UCSB and an attorney affiliated with the Environmental Defense Center, says, "Santa Barbara won't be as nice a place to live in the year 2000. But, relatively speaking, it will still be a nice place to visit."

Harwood "Bendy" White, Jr., another native Santa Barbaran, land-use consultant, former county planning commissioner, and now city water commissioner, explains, "The quality of life in Santa Barbara is going to degrade more slowly than it will degrade elsewhere.

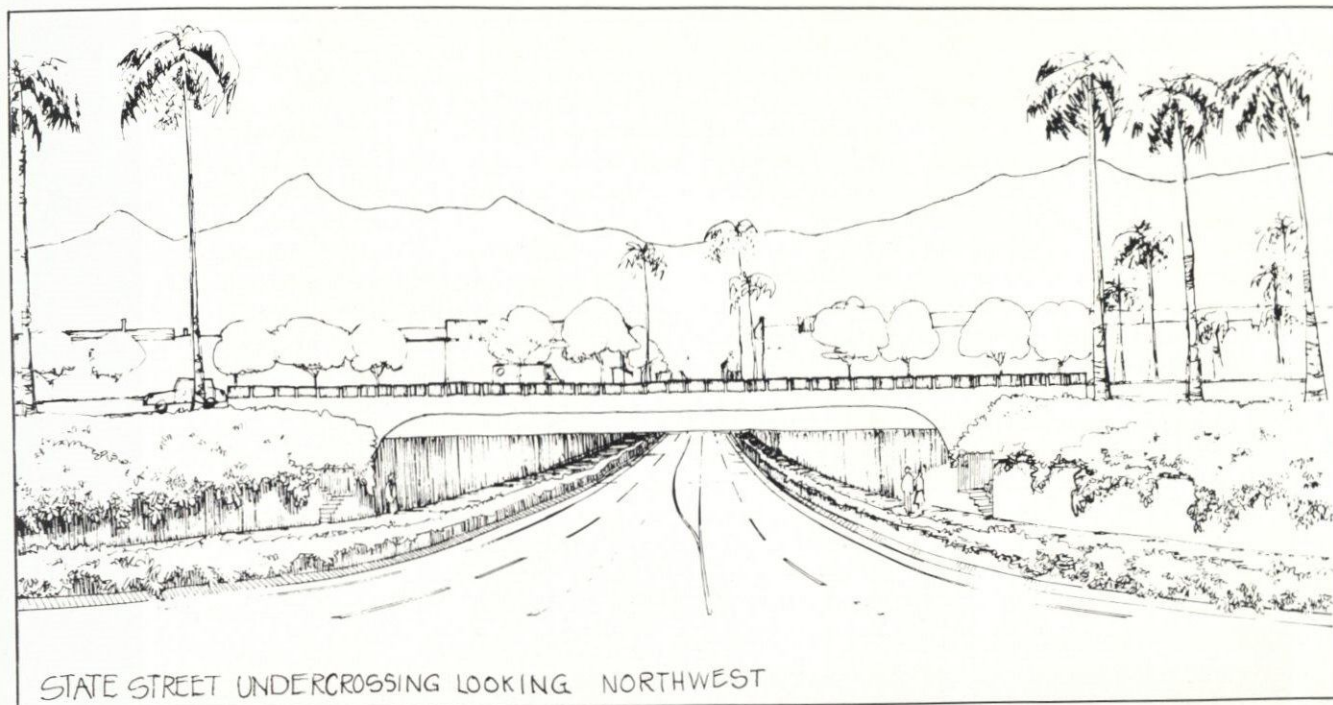
That's how it is going to get comparatively better."

For better or worse, the changes ahead will be reflected downtown. And, says Levy, the 1980s hold the most dramatic changes for the city since the 1920s.

Like the mayor, Levy considers a major department store crucial to restoring the downtown's retail vitality. He is particularly partial to a Bullock's location at Victoria Street rejected by voters last November. Levy says that without a department store somewhere, the downtown will become nothing more than a financial district with restaurants. Instead, he prefers the retail character of small, local merchants, even though they would benefit more from the stability and higher rents of financial institutions.

According to city planning director David Davis, the downtown will either develop a locally oriented retail base in conjunction with a department store, or it will grow more tourist oriented. Citing a report prepared for the city by Economic Research Associates in February 1981, Davis says the city will need 2,350 more hotel rooms in the next decade. The issue will be the economic debate of the 1980s, as investors place their bets and rent their State Street storefronts accordingly.

Whatever the result, the changes downtown will be minimal compared to those in the waterfront area. "There will be an obvious, dramatic change between



STATE STREET UNDERCROSSING LOOKING NORTHWEST

ILLUSTRATIONS COURTESY STATE OF CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORTATION

Above: Design plans for the crosstown freeway have yet to be finalized. In the meantime, a Caltrans artist envisions this possible view from Montecito Street up State. One thing is sure: by the turn of the century, those long waits where today's Highway 101 crosses Santa Barbara, Anacapa, and Chapala streets will be history.

Milpas and Chapala Streets, Highway 101 and Cabrillo," predicts White. "I don't think you'll be able to recognize the area."

Davis believes the waterfront should have "matured" by the turn of the century, with today's remaining parcels of empty land put to commercial use. He foresees lower State Street's renovation, with new hotels and restaurants replacing the car dealerships, which will have moved to the Northside or Goleta.

The new and used car lots could be converted to parking lots or parking garages, suggests Lee Moldaver, chairman of the City Transportation Committee, who also sits on the Metropolitan Transit District board of directors. To accommodate tourists, additional parking lots are inevitable, but because of the harbor area's low water table, underground parking between the freeway and ocean is impractical. So parking will have to go out or up, says Moldaver, and it probably will be under the auspices of a new parking district.

Since the city's coastal plan emphasizes tourist-oriented commercial land use in the waterfront area, Levy foresees old warehouses being converted to shopping arcades. "A Piccadilly-like concept would be great down there," he says.

To protect the wharf, some kind of breakwater extension or harbor enlarge-

ment will most likely take place. "We're going to build a breakwater to protect Stearns Wharf so that ten years from now it doesn't wash up on the beach," says Stewart with a confidence shared by the mayor.

"Something's going to happen," Lodge maintains, "although everybody acknowledges we're still going to have to dredge." Exactly what will happen depends on the alternatives presented by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, Stewart and Lodge say, and Congress will have to foot the bill.

Inland, the changes should be less substantial. Outer State Street will most likely remain an automobile-oriented commercial strip, with some traffic improvements. Davis says he sees no forces working to change that pattern. Hitchcock Road and Hope Avenue will connect State Street to Calle Real, and a realigned La Cumbre Road freeway interchange will improve traffic circulation in the area.

Also, says Davis, the area will retain its architectural variety. "All three developments at La Cumbre and State have been modern in concept. These, along with La Cumbre Plaza, set the tone. Kelly's Corner is not El Paseo."

The downtown fringes will see an eventual blend of commercial and residential uses, Davis says, particularly in the Laguna and Garden Street areas. He

notes that Garden Street will be a freeway interchange and a new link to the beach.

Milpas Street will remain a small business area, but with even more shops and businesses. And, Davis says, it has a chance for some "spin-off growth" from the Parker project and other waterfront activities.

Just as growth, redevelopment, renovation are inevitable, so are their primary corollaries—traffic and congestion. Lee Moldaver notes that in 1925, the year of the earthquake that precipitated the reshaped face of Santa Barbara, every three households shared two cars, and only 20,000 people lived on the South Coast. Today, every two households share three cars and 175,000 people live here. Add to that the growing number of teenagers with cars, and you have increased street use without increased street capacity.

"Barring major disincentives and Draconian measures," Moldaver says, "the streets will be threatened with Los Angeles-style congestion."

While the city has those "disincentives" ready to put in action—resident permit parking downtown, expanded 90-minute curbside parking zones, and outlying parking lots with accompanying jitney service—Moldaver says final implementation will require council members to take "a lot of heat." And Davis agrees, predicting strong public resistance to the traffic management program.

Council members might even back off—until the downtown “strangles” and the alternative is a moratorium on new downtown construction and building expansion.

Such measures deal primarily with residents, but tourists also supply another major source of cars. “This is going to be the playpen of Los Angeles,” says Bendy White, predicting that Angelenos will forego Hawaii for Santa Barbara because this area eliminates two major travel expenses—plane fares and rental-car fees.

The long-awaited high-tech People Mover and a peripheral parking lot system offer some hope of alleviating traffic congestion. Moldaver expects the million-dollar People Mover to be operating in the next three to four years. Heavily subsidized with state and federal funds, the People Mover will be a tram

powered by electronic strips buried in the pavement, similar in concept to the small-scale slot cars popular in the 1960s. The question, he says, is how to fund the project when the subsidies run out in 1992. The answer, says Mayor Lodge, may be with Redevelopment Agency funding.

Levy likes the idea of a slow-moving fixed-rail trolley, or People Mover, to take people around the town or down State Street under the freeway to the beach. And Stewart, who supports the People Mover concept, also envisions a high-speed rail connecting Santa Barbara to commuting workers from Ventura to San Luis Obispo. “This would relieve a great deal of tension and strain on our community,” Stewart says, “and would lead to a more equitable housing situation around the county.” He also considers

high-speed rail more than a pipe dream. “It’s a necessity,” he insists.

If more traffic is a certainty, adding to the city’s water supply is not. “Sometime in the late 1980s,” Davis predicts, “the city will be faced with a situation where dependable water supplies will be exhausted and new ones are needed.”

Given recent public voting patterns, the importation of state aqueduct water to the South Coast is unlikely. Probable sources for more water are enlargement of Gibraltar or Cachuma reservoirs and upgrading of the city’s sewage treatment plants to reclaim wastewater.

“Raising either of those two dams is a reasonable and logical alternative,” says water commissioner White. Raising Cachuma is somewhat easier politically because “everyone owns it,” he says. But he acknowledges such tremen-



PHOTO: PAUL SHARP

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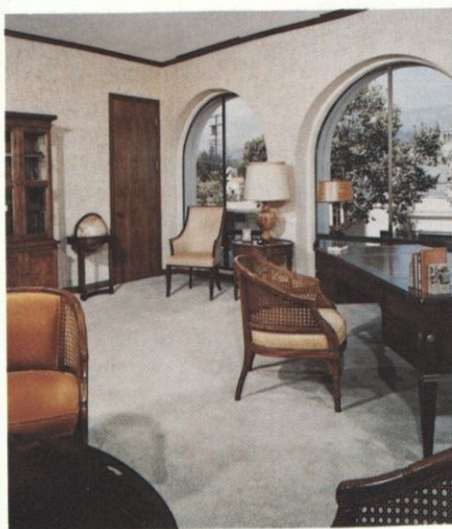
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problems as inundated grazing land and portions of Highway 154.

Mayor Lodge and planner Davis underscore the city's desire to retain control of its wholly owned Gibraltar water source. To make the raising of Gibraltar practical, White suggests the city trade Cachuma water rights to other South Coast entities in exchange for rights to all of Gibraltar's increased resources. The ownership issue, White says, may be difficult to resolve. Nonetheless, the mayor believes raising Gibraltar is politically feasible.

New water sources will provide the

underpinnings of the residential, industrial, and commercial growth of the 1980s and 1990s. But who will live here? Who will work here? And how old will they be?

According to Garrett Hardin, prominent UCSB professor emeritus specializing in population trends, that depends largely on national actions. Unless the federal government stems the tide of immigration, this area will have more Latinos and Asians, predicts Hardin.

While Hardin sees these newcomers doubling up in existing housing, Cliff Pauley, county population expert,

foresees the immigrants eventually being priced out of the South Coast and the city.

"I think we're going to see more affluent Asians, but fewer low-income minorities," says Pauley. With housing prices continuing to increase, he also anticipates a greater disparity between rich and poor. Only the wealthy will be able to afford to own homes. The working class will rent.

Changes also will occur in the work force since the research and development industry will exhaust the existing labor pool, which expanded from within as more women went to work in the 1970s. Santa Barbara will need to attract workers from elsewhere, Pauley says, and that will be a problem, especially for those trying to attract managers and skilled technologists. Pauley contends that the high cost of living may force those businesses to move away.

Scot Stewart and Paul Relis, Community Environmental Council director, foresee the opposite. Stewart envisions the South Coast becoming a "Silicon Beach," with the university and the 140 high-tech firms spinning off a variety of imaginative engineer-entrepreneur ventures.

With advances in computerized telecommunications, many employees will be able to work at home on computer terminals linked to the main office. Citing U.S. Department of Commerce statistics, Relis notes that, nationwide, small businesses have grown faster than big businesses and generated more jobs. He says that Santa Barbara will be one of the most desirable places for small businesses to start, but that if they get too big, they'll move.

A study by General Research prepared for the county implies that if industrial growth continues, Santa Barbara's population will be more middle-aged, whereas if the tourist orientation occurs, the population will be younger and more mobile.

According to U.S. census figures, 23 percent of the income to city residents in 1970 was from pension and property investments. By 1980, the figure had increased to 46 percent. Population expert Pauley says the number of retired persons and those living off investments in Santa Barbara will continue to increase, and as the average age of the nation's citizens grows older, so will Santa Barbara's.

A crucial factor looming over the entire economic future of Santa Barbara is the matter of channel oil development. "There is an aesthetic threshold for tourism, and a major question is whether

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offshore oil development will explode on us," says Davis. He notes that a recent rating by the U.S. Bureau of Outdoor Recreation ranked Santa Barbara below Long Beach, partly because of Santa Barbara Channel oil rigs, which could triple in number with full development of channel leases. "The situation could continue to deteriorate," he says, "becoming the major issue for the next 20 years."

The federal government's environmental impact statement on the lease sale scheduled for February 1984 has another point of view. "The overall impact to tourism as a result of the development of the Santa Barbara Channel is expected to be very low unless an oil spill occurs and contacts the shore," the study says. Although it considers a spill unlikely, the study estimates the cost to the area of such an accident would be more than \$125 million. It also foresees "low to moderate air-quality impacts" from oil drilling, with the increase of more than 200 tons of pollutants a year from oil drilling offset by onshore reductions.

Moldaver questions that assumption. "The problems could be so great that nothing we can do onshore will be able to mitigate them," he says.

Also concerned about the potential impact, Stewart says the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce will oppose offshore development if it affects onshore air quality. "Everything that happens here is somewhat related to air quality," he says. Stewart hopes the oil companies will process oil onshore where it will be subject to more stringent air-quality regulation. And he believes that keeping oil processing onshore will help promote the companies' and employees' loyalty to the community.

He points out that significant tax revenue is generated here by oil companies and that some of the companies have been increasingly generous with their charitable contributions. "This trend can be expected to continue," he says, "if we treat this in the right fashion."

Whatever the outcome, Garrett Hardin observes, "It isn't technology or these mysterious trends that will determine the future. It's political decisions."

No doubt those decisions will be debated enthusiastically in the years to come. But continued issue-by-issue bickering about developments within the city, Paul Relis warns, can impede our ability to take a longer, broader examination of the future and to plan accordingly.

Relis has been giving the matter considerable thought as he prepares to join Frank Frost, Mayor Lodge, and others for lectures and discussion about Santa Barbara's future in a class sponsored by SBCC Continuing Education and the Junior League of Santa Barbara. (The free class is one of a series called Santa Barbara: Portrait of a Unique Community, meeting at 7:15 p.m. January 23 in the Mural Room of the courthouse.)

Relis says that for the past 15 years, the community has had a "psychological death grip" on the issue of growth or no growth. He says this needs to end. "Everyone around here is always caught up in battles. I've been involved in them myself. But if you have enough people stepping aside to do some real hard work to reach consensus, then individual projects aren't going to be such a tug of war."

"Some people have an idea that what they want is already here, but time doesn't stand still. We need more of a focus for change, one that will create unity within the community." ■

Former Santa Barbara News-Press staff writer David Hardy now writes as a freelance and works as assistant to county supervisor David Yager.



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THE OLYMPIANS

Five Hometown Heroes Go for the Gold

By Paul Vercammen
and Gayle Stone

WHEN THE OLYMPIC TORCH is lit in Los Angeles this summer, Santa Barbarans will have their own Olympians to cheer. Two of the city's world-class athletes—volleyball star Karch Kiraly and water polo captain Terry Schroeder—grew up in Santa Barbara and have already been chosen for their team events.

Three other Olympians—track and field athletes Jane Frederick, Dave Laut, and Bob Roggy—seem certain to win places in their individual events at the United States Olympic Trials. Coming from as far away as New Jersey, each has chosen Santa Barbara as the ideal community in which to live and train.

EXCITEMENT about the 1984 Olympic Games is growing across the nation. The United States Olympic Committee estimates that a million and a half spectators will attend the games. Tens of millions more will watch ABC's televised coverage. It is big business, too, with Americans donating \$80 million to give United States athletes a competitive edge.

The heart of the coming games will be in the recently renovated Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, built in 1932 when the country hosted its last summer Olympics. More than 12,000 athletes will compete in 23 sports in seven California counties. The closest events to Santa Barbara will be canoeing and rowing held at Lake Casitas.

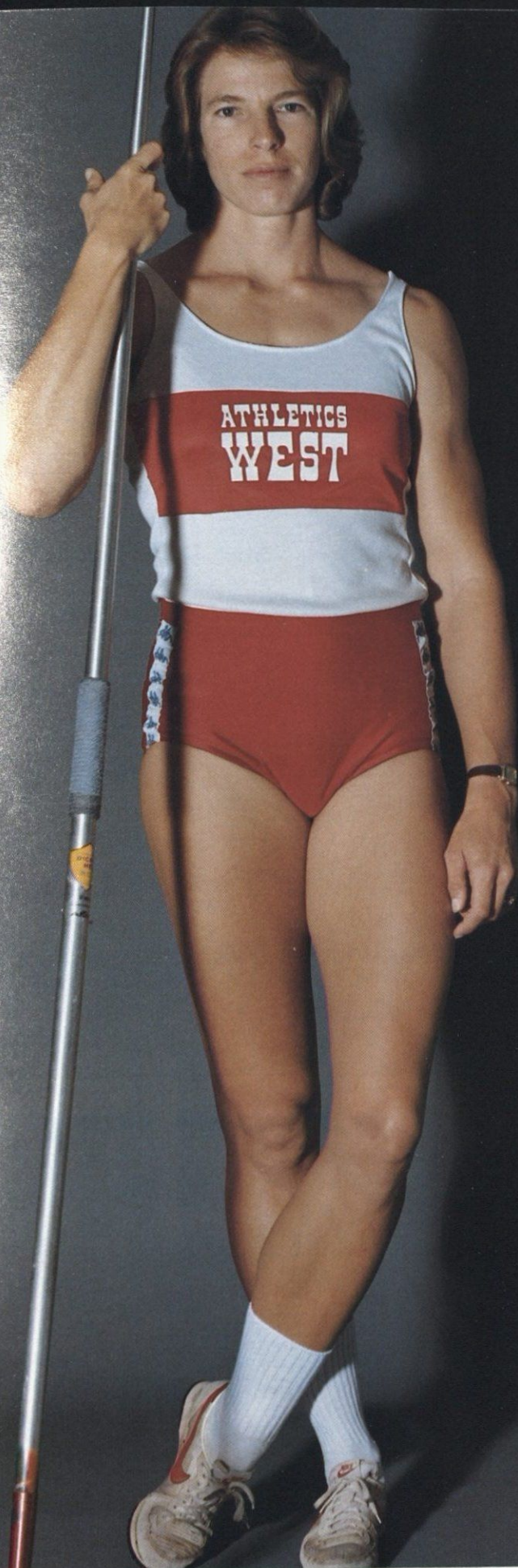
If "big" describes the games, it also describes Santa Barbara's interest. Al-

ready the city boasts the five interlocking rings that symbolize the modern concept of the ancient Greek games. The colorful rings now decorate commemorative coins, T-shirts, and store windows all over town.

Each of Santa Barbara's five Olympians stands a good chance to win a medal. They have trained hard and well, their lives focused on July 28 through August 12 when they can best the challenges of the world's outstanding athletes.

FOR THE LAST TWELVE YEARS Jane Frederick has been the preeminent United States multi-event female athlete. By now she almost takes her athletic versatility and ability for granted. In the last two summers she competed without injury in three major international and national





JANE FREDERICK

At the age of 31, Santa Barbara's Jane Frederick is at the top of her form. She currently holds the U.S. record of 6,458 points in the heptathlon, which includes high and long jumps, 200- and 800-meter runs, 100-meter hurdles, shot put, and javelin. She says the odds of beating the hormone-enhanced East Germans are tough, but not impossible.



CINDY COLLINS

meets. How did she do? "Oh," she says modestly and smiles, "I won."

Heptathlete Frederick excels in all seven of the events that constitute her sport—the 100-meter hurdles, 200- and 800-meter runs, high jump, long jump, shot put, and javelin. She trains a minimum of four hours a day on the UCSB track, exercising her five-foot 11-inch, 165-pound body into the sweat she enjoys.

Frederick, 31, moved to Santa Barbara in 1974 to work with UCSB coach Sam Adams, then fell in love with the community. "I have no intention of moving away again," the Berkeley native says. "I want quality of life. Emotional quality and physical quality. That's here in Santa Barbara."

She is readying herself to meet her

greatest Olympic challengers, three East German women who won at the Helsinki world championships in August 1983. The athletes—Ramona Neubert, Sabine Paetz, and Anke Voter—took first, second, and third places respectively while Frederick dropped out because of illness.

"My legs tied up and I ached," she says. "I was in fourth place, and I had to run my best to maintain my position. My ability to even *want* to was completely lacking." She shrugs philosophically. "So that was that."

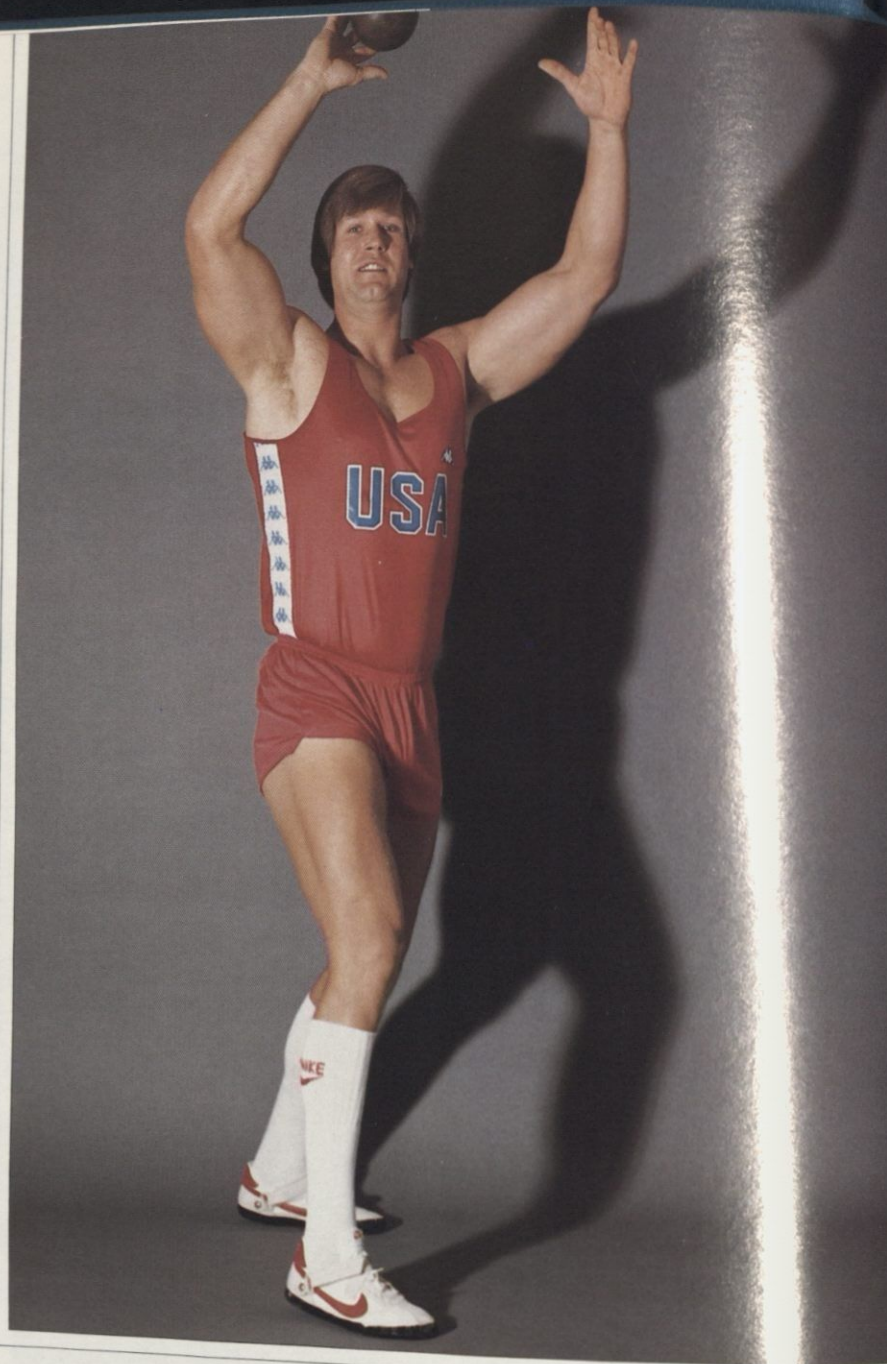
She's excited to be competing with heptathlete Jackie Joyner at the Olympic Trials six weeks before the games. She predicts that Joyner also has an excellent chance to make the Olympic team and perhaps even to break Frederick's national record.

"Jackie's a challenge, a real inspiration," Frederick explains. "Finally there's somebody who makes me be at my best. I can't slack off, can't get lazy or overconfident. I need it and enjoy it. How else can a person ever really improve?" She has no prediction for the third member of the heptathlon team, but says there are four or five talented women who are close competitors for the spot.

Frederick's chances against the East German women at the Olympic Games are not as good as she'd like. "They're not unreachable for me," she says, "but it's tough, very tough, to compete against the East Germans because of the male hormone therapy they take." Frustrated, she shakes her head with the tousled light brown hair. But even the East Germans' hormone-enhanced edge can't ruin the Olympics for Frederick. She watched a meet in the Los Angeles coliseum last summer. "It gave me chills to see that big stadium and know I was going to be there," she says. "This Olympics is in my home country, at the prime of my career, and I'll go out there and fight."

THE DISARRAYED GARAGE in world-class shot-putter Dave Laut's Stow Canyon home is a site for sore arms. The stars and stripes and a budding collection of other world flags hang on the only empty wall. The floor is jumbled with paint cans, free weights, a homemade weight bench, and a squat rack that doubles as part of a makeshift painter's scaffold.

"I know people question why a grown man is throwing an iron ball around," Laut says, a cigarette wedged between his thick fingers. "I question it, too." Even so, the 27-year-old admits that the



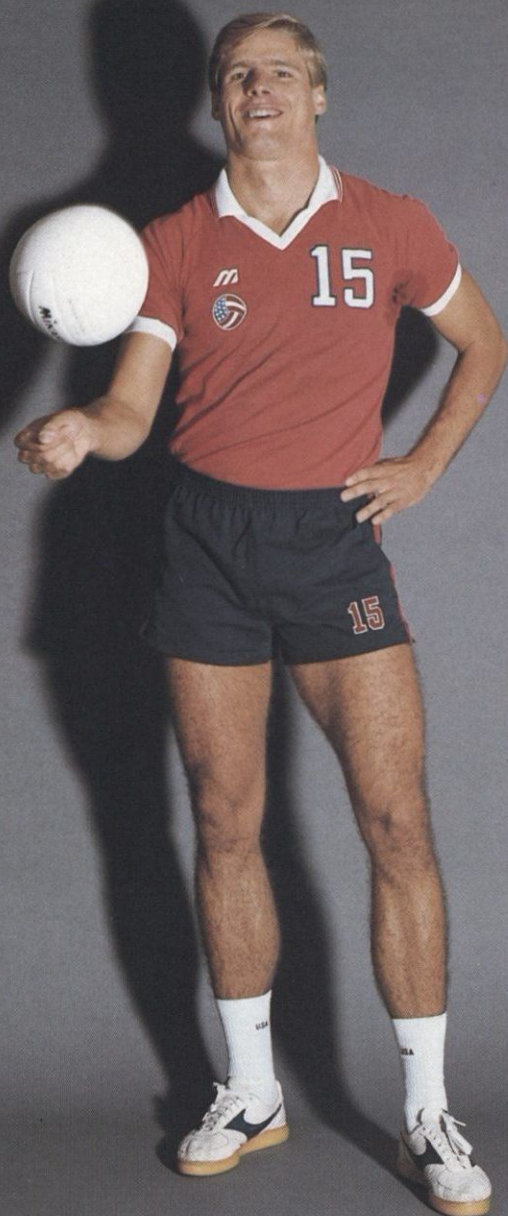
JÜRGEN HILMER

DAVE LAUT

One of the world's smallest champion shot-putters – at six feet five inches and 250 pounds – Dave Laut must rely on more than strength when he meets East Germany's 300-pound Udo Beyer this summer. Laut already holds the U.S. record, but he'll need to add the momentum of speed and agility to beat Beyer's world record 72 feet 10.75 inches.



RICHARD MACKSON/FOCUS WEST



Olympics have become an obsession with him. "Let's face it, athletes are prima donnas," he says, "and I'm probably the biggest prima donna of them all. You almost have to be to get where you want to go. Athletes have priorities that seem unrealistic to normal people. For instance, I wouldn't paint this house during training because I might fall off a ladder."

Instead, Laut could easily win a medal in the Olympic coliseum. He prefers gold, and his expensive taste is within his athletic abilities. But first he must defeat East Germany's six-foot-six-inch, 300-pound Udo Beyer. Laut heaved the shot's second, third, and fourth best marks in 1983—all over 71 feet. But Beyer threw a world record 72 feet 10.75 inches to top him.

So Laut doggedly persists in his training. Santa Barbara neighbors can hear the rhythmic grunts of Laut and his friend, javelin star Rob Roggy, as they pump weights amid the paint cans to strengthen their throwing arms. Though the garage has a certain eclectic charm, it lacks the sophisticated equipment and versatility of the sports factories of Russia and East Germany.

But Laut likes his unusual training facility. "It's not in L.A.," he explains. "Coaches and others there warned me that Santa Barbara was not the place to go. They said, 'It's so laid back you're going to turn into a hippie or something and lie on the beach all day.' But you can't judge how you're going to perform by where you live. It's all up to the individual, and Santa Barbara's very good for me."

One of the smallest world-class shot-putters—at six feet five inches and 250 pounds—Laut wants to be the best in the world. "That's one thing about track and field," he says. "You can prove you're the best. In a sport like football, who's to say who's the best center or linebacker?" He smiles with confidence. "In track, you can."

IF DETERMINATION AND INTELLIGENCE have anything to do with it, Karch Kiraly and his teammates are on their way to an unexpected medal in volleyball. "I hate to lose—with a passion," the blond 23-year-old says in a deliberate tone. "That's what's driven me to where I am now. Some people think an athlete should be content to play in the Olympics, but I'm not going to the games just to participate. I'll be extremely upset if we win anything less than silver."

The Russian volleyball team domi-

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RICHARD MACKSON/FOCUS WEST

KARCH KIRALY

A fierce competitor, Karch Kiraly grew up playing volleyball on the sands of

East Beach. Since then he's claimed two world beach volleyball titles and contributed to three national championships for UCLA. Now an Olympian, he'll meet the Soviets, the Poles, and the Brazilians this summer. Kiraly says he'll settle for nothing less than silver.

nates the world contenders, with the Poles and Brazilians close behind. Until last summer, chances of the United States winning even a bronze medal in the Olympics at Long Beach Sports Arena seemed remote. But then the nation's spikers blazed to a 25-win, 4-loss record, urged on by Kiraly—Santa Barbara digger, outside hitter, and passer supreme.

The six-foot-four-inch, 193-pound Kiraly is also a scholar, winning the California Interscholastic Federation's player of the year award while at Santa Barbara High School. Later in UCLA's ruthless premedicine program he earned a place on the dean's list every semester, and the National Collegiate Athletic Association gave him its prestigious scholar-athlete award.

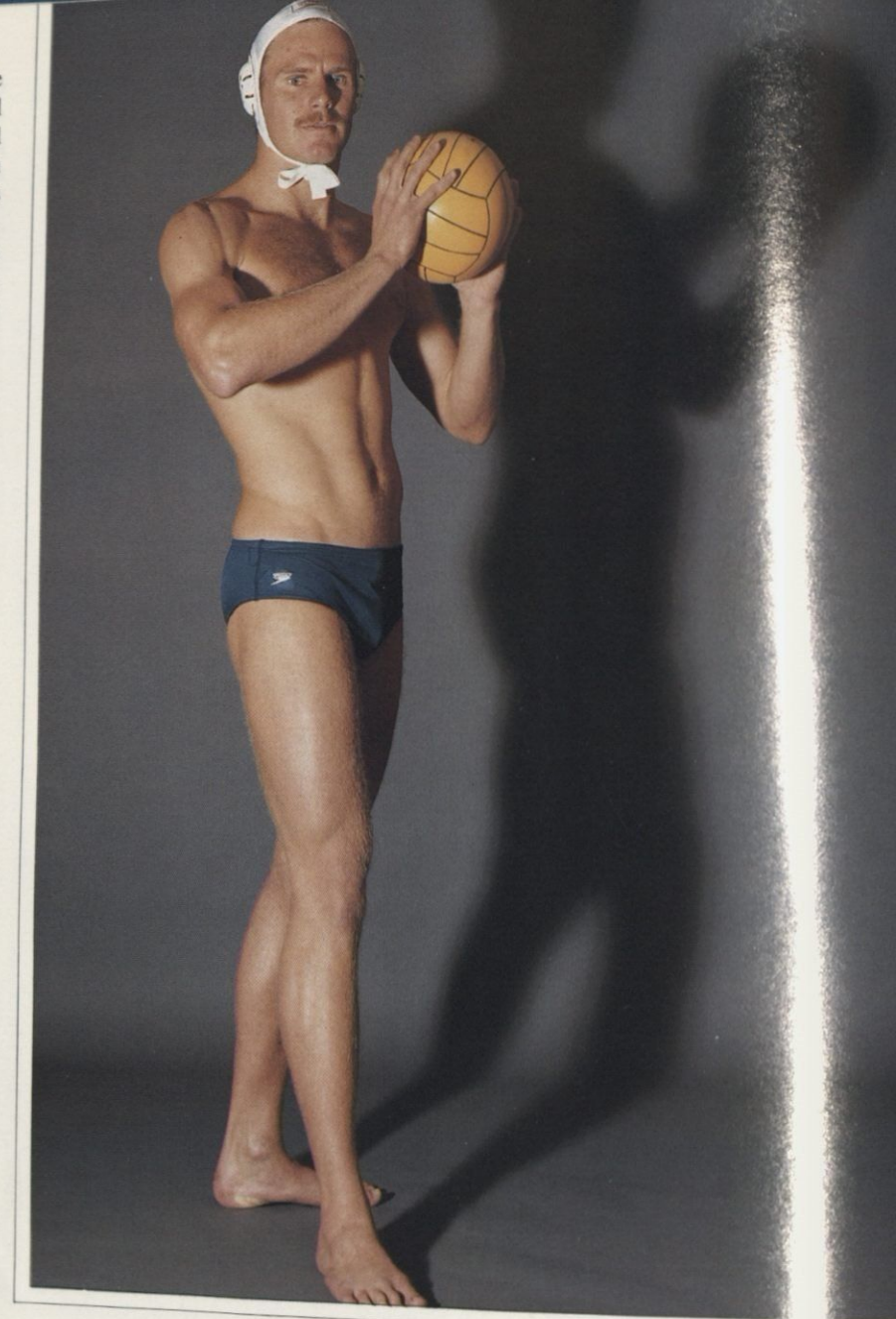
Kiraly was introduced to volleyball by his father, Santa Barbara orthopedic surgeon Laszlo Kiraly, a native of Hungary. By the time Kiraly was 11, the two were playing in beach tournaments together. "It was funny to see how edgy people got losing to someone a lot younger," Kiraly remembers. Eventually as he grew better, he moved on to other partners, leaving his proud father to cheer from the sidelines. The titles he has helped win include two world beach volleyball championships and three national championships for UCLA.

Now Kiraly, whose family moved from Pasadena to Santa Barbara in 1974, keeps an apartment in Los Angeles. But he spends most of his time in San Diego where the volleyball team practices from 8 a.m. to noon five days a week. Olympic coaches selected the team early so that the members could train and compete together before the games.

Kiraly assumed he'd be selected. "The Olympics are not something I put so high on a pedestal that they were out of my reach," he says. "I always strive to be the best player, and the Olympics just fell into place."

WHEN HE WAS A CHILD growing up in Santa Barbara, Terry Schroeder dreamed of someday being in the Olympics. "I used to have goose bumps and get all worked up when I watched them on television," he says. Now 25, Schroeder captains the United States water polo team on which he plays the two-meter position. He'll be competing August 1 through 10 at Pepperdine University, Malibu.

Schroeder predicts his team's greatest water polo rivals—Hungary, Russia, West Germany, and Yugoslavia—will be



TERRY SCHROEDER

Terry Schroeder, captain of the U.S.

water polo team, expects to claim top

honors this August at the Olympic

Games in Malibu. Yugoslavia, Hungary,

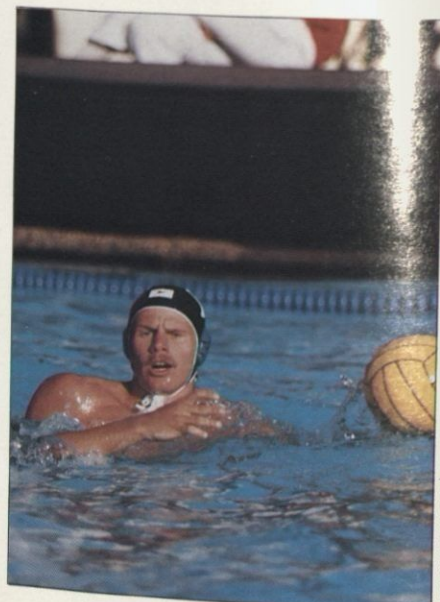
Russia, and West Germany present the

most formidable opposition. But

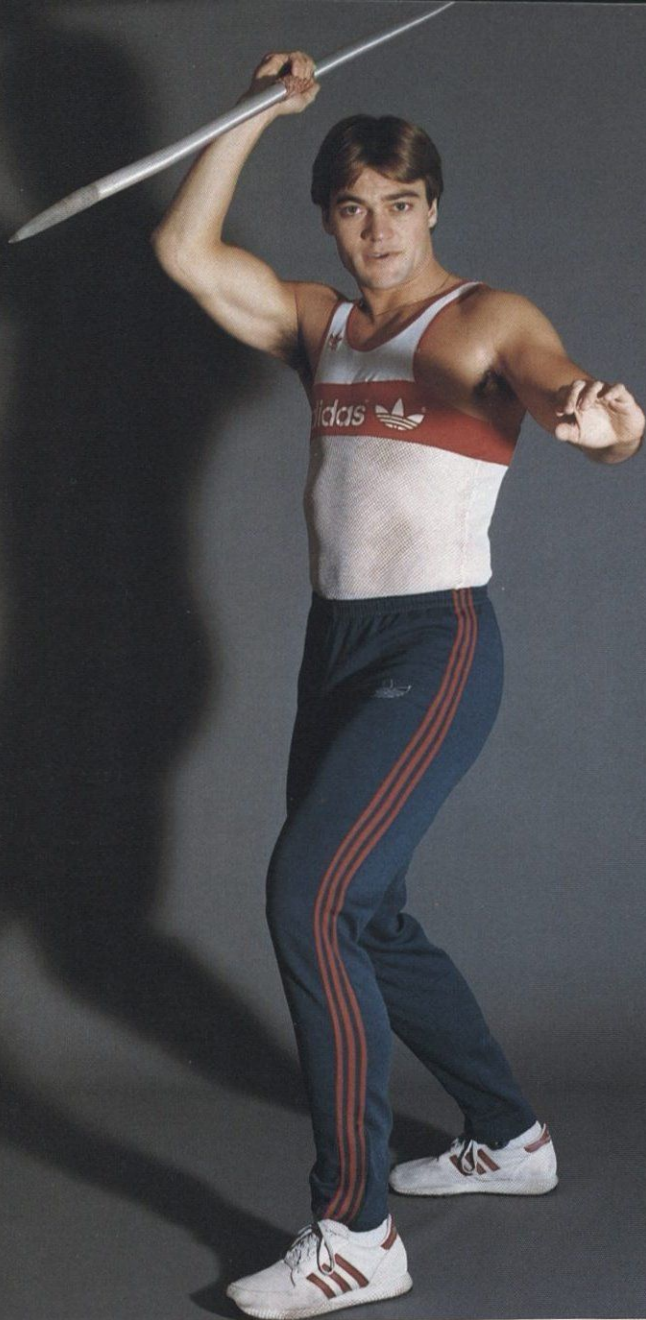
Schroeder says his teammates' long

experience and home-country waters

give the U.S. a winning edge.



BRUCE HAZEI/TON/FOCUS WEST



defeated. Besides being a superior team, he says, the Americans have two major advantages—many repeat players from the 1980 Olympic team and the 1984 competition's taking place in home country waters.

The six-foot-two-inch, 200-pound Schroeder sports the classic swimmer's physique of well-developed upper body, flat belly, and long legs. At the World University Games in Canada last summer, Princess Diana and Prince Charles of Great Britain met the fully clothed Schroeder. "You've got a beautiful body," the princess told him. "I didn't know how to respond," Schroeder says and laughs to make sure you know he's kidding, "so I asked her what she was doing with that wimp."

Besides daily swim workouts, Schroeder attends the Palmer College of Chiropractic West near San Jose. The former San Marcos High School and Pepperdine University star wants to return to Santa Barbara to practice chiropractic after he graduates, which makes sense. His father Robert, uncle Alfred, and cousin Allan are all chiropractors in Santa Barbara, and his brother Lance, a triathlete, also studies at Palmer.

"I feel good about chiropractic," Schroeder says. "It's the only health profession I've had contact with, and I think it's the biggest reason I've never had any health problems. I'd eventually like to pass on what I know to other athletes."

Almost every weekend, Schroeder and his Northern California teammates fly to Los Angeles to practice with the rest of the team. Whenever possible he visits his parents in Santa Barbara. "I like to go down to the beach and walk, do chores like clean the pool or work on the fish pond," he says. "It's nice to get your mind off a hectic life-style. And Santa Barbara's the place for that."

Meanwhile, he goes to school, swims, does jobs such as lifeguarding or teaching anatomy classes, and prepares to fulfill his dream of swimming in the Olympics. And afterwards? He starts to say he'll graduate from Palmer in 1986, then he grins wickedly. "Maybe I can do swimsuit commercials instead," he says.

FORMER WORLD CHAMPION javelin thrower Bob Roggy hopes to repeat the success of his record 1982 season in the 1984 Olympics. In 1982 he chucked the spear more than 300 feet—a distance longer than a football field—eight times. He was No. 1, the undisputed king of javelin.

Then came 1983, and Roggy devel-

BOB ROGGY

Bob Roggy hurled a U.S. javelin-throwing record of 314 feet, four inches in 1982. He also surpassed 300 feet an unprecedented eight times. Roggy is currently on the comeback after a painful knee injury, but he's confident his strength will match his technique by the Olympic finals August 5 at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.



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JÜRGEN HILMER



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oped patella tendonitis when a bone chip irritated the tendon on his knee and caused inflammation. "You run down the runway, jam your left leg down." The six-foot-four-inch, 240-pound athlete winces remembering the painful injury. "It's so unnatural," he explains. "Everything torques, rips, and pulls."

The injury cut his competitive season short, but he kept on training. Today the 27-year-old works out up to four hours a day, stretching in his Gole home, pumping weights in his friend Dave Laut's garage, or running and throwing under the supervision of coach Sam Adams on UCSB's track.

"Sam Adams is one of the best coaches in the United States," Roggy says. "He simplifies things so they're not too technical." One of Roggy's objectives now is to avoid pushing himself so hard that he has another injury.

Roggy began defeating other javelin throwers in high school after a coach first saw potential in his powerful arm. He competed through his years at the University of Southern Illinois at Edwardsville, where he earned a degree in kinesiology (the study of mechanics and anatomy in relation to human movement).

Then Roggy moved to Southern California where in 1980 Laut called to ask whether Roggy wanted to join him in Santa Barbara as his training partner. Roggy said yes, and the two have been working together ever since. "Here it's a simpler life," Roggy explains. "Santa Barbara's really ideal for an athlete."

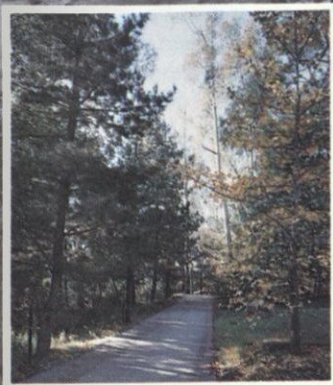
The self-confident Roggy predicts that on August 5, the final day of the Olympic javelin contest, he'll be healthy and will successfully meet the challenge of American Tom Petranoff, world record holder, and East German Detlef M. As with all track and field events, the javelin contest will take place in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.

Despite his injury and disappointing season, the Homedale, New Jersey, native talks enthusiastically about his sport. "There are so many variables in throwing," he says. "You've got the wind to consider, the runway, the angle of your body. Let's say you were to plant your left leg two inches off the optimum foot plant, then you'd be short by 20 feet. That's what can make the javelin so discouraging." He pauses to reflect. "But when you're throwing well, it's the greatest."

Paul Vercammen and Gayle Stone both live and work as free-lance writers in Santa Barbara.



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THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD VIOLINIST plays with eyes half-closed, lost in the music. As the solo ends, the minuet's beauty lingers in the air. The audience applauds enthusiastically. The musician, Orin Hildestad, grins, tucks his violin under his arm, draws his feet together, and bows formally. He beams with his accomplishment and our admiration.

"Orin started when he was very young, not quite three," his teacher Elaine Schott says as the boy fetches his violin case. "When they start so young, they don't know life without the violin and music."

Orin puts the instrument in its case and carries five yellow poker chips to Schott. She thanks him. "Part of a Suzuki teaching game," she explains.

Orin gallops back across the sitting room to his mother and violin. Schott watches his exuberance with pleasure. "I taught music by conventional methods for ten years," she says. "It was boring for me and the students. You'd put a sheet of music in front of the student and tell him to play. Then you'd wait forever for him to find the right note."

Orin picks up his violin case, ownership and pride strong in his grasp, and he and his mother walk to the door. His mother, Libby Hildestad, also teaches music in Santa Barbara. Her piano lessons incorporate many of the same methods that Elaine Schott now uses, all developed for the violin by Japan's renowned theorist Shinichi Suzuki.

What does Orin think about playing the violin? "Fun!" He ducks out the front door, having said it all. His mother takes his hand, and they walk down the sidewalk between ivy and pepper trees.

Schott and I turn back into the Schott family sitting room that is also the music room. A Baldwin upright piano stands near the door. Decorating the walls are photographs of smiling young violinists and posters from Santa Barbara Chamber Orchestra concerts (Mozart, Vivaldi, Boccherini) in which Schott's students have performed. Notices of classes and coming events cover a bulletin board. Beneath the sunny windows that overlook Olive Avenue a cabinet stands ready with teaching materials and music books.

"I have 36 students ranging in age from 3 to 13," Schott says, sitting on a spindle-backed chair by the windows. "We play for each other and also publicly for Santa Barbara benefits, retirement

Elaine Schott's Tiny Tots

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE

By Gayle Stone



homes, nursery and elementary schools, and theater groups."

Schott's gestures are graceful, almost musical, as she talks. She wears jeans, her dark hair is loose and long, and her face has the translucent skin of a teenager. She's 44.

She delves into the "fun" Orin and her other students find in their music. "Shinichi Suzuki maintains that every single one of us comes into the world with enormous potential," she says. "Everyone. For all kinds of things. But if you don't develop the potential early enough, you can lose it. And then you can lose the joy, too."

But how do you teach a two-year-old to play the violin? Schott laughs. "By increments. The younger the child, the smaller the increments. First they do a lot of listening to the music they're about to learn, and then they play it, repeating what they already know. It's called the mother-tongue method. All children easily learn to speak the language of their native country. They hear it all the time, from the moment they're born. Their first imitations are a babble, but eventually they learn to speak fluently. Music can be learned the same way, and the goal is to play beautifully—as Suzuki says, 'to nurture the soul.'"

The next day, a class of students aged three to five stands facing a sofa and chairs where parents, young brothers and sisters, and visitors sit. Two four-year-olds whose own lessons will begin in a few weeks listen attentively as the class plays a variation of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." The children's faces are windows of concentration and internal pleasure.

"This is all part of the method," Schott explains later. "The little sisters and brothers come to class so that violin will be part of their lives, too. And the parents of the two new students are taking lessons as well, preparing to work with their children at home. By the time the new children's lessons begin, they'll be eager to start imitating mother or Father, brother or sister, and the children in the classes they've observed. People are born mimics."

Susie Thielman, the mother of three-year-old student Veronica, says, "After I'd been playing for a while, Veronica would try to grab the violin whenever I practiced. She wanted to play, too."

Veronica wears a toddler's dress and white pinafore. She has two ponytails with barrettes that are Color Pink. She smiles shyly as she volunteers to play a solo, then she stands up and performs with confidence. Her violin is only 15 inches long.

Veronica began lessons about all of Schott's young students do—with a wooden dowel as a bow and a "violin" Schott made out of a cereal box. "They'd feel awful if they accidentally broke their real violins," Schott says, "and so would their parents. The idea is to help them be successful and have fun through every step."

Using games, Schott and the parent

show the student how to "play" rhythms with the dowel on the cereal-box violin. He or she makes the first sounds by playing the same rhythms on open strings E and A. Slowly, fingering positions and other strings are added.

In the yellow poker chip game that Orin had been playing in his lesson, Schott gives a poker chip to the student every time he or she remembers to follow an instruction such as keeping fingers curled or chin tucked. At the end of the lesson, the child counts the poker chips and announces how many have been "used" this time.

The incremental mother-tongue method that Schott helped introduce to Santa Barbara are based on the work of Shinichi Suzuki, a native of Nagoya, Japan, who founded the Talent Education Research



Santa Barbara youngsters can learn to play music as their parents did — through torture and tears — or they can join a new breed of teachers in town who stress success, enjoyment, fun and games with the Suzuki method. According to founding theorist Shinichi Suzuki, the goal is to make music to nurture the soul. Above, left, and below: Elaine Schott (at piano) is a great believer in the Suzuki method. Her students (from left) include Orin Hildestad, Cecilia Pattiz, Mark Kasproicz, Ian Unterman, Jamal Pilger, Skye Rohde, Alaina White, Debbie Maho, Anna Schott, Veronica Thielman, Megan Unterman, and Milan De Vries. Opposite: Schott fits students with one of seven sizes of violins. Milan De Vries decorates his pint-sized model with friendly cartoons.

Institute, which is now worldwide. Each summer, more than a thousand children and their parents attend Suzuki Institute workshops at UCLA or San Francisco State University. Schott and many of her students attend.

"But there's no such thing as a pure Suzuki method," she cautions. "A Suzuki teacher will use whatever works. It's a constant challenge to better what I'm doing."

The flexibility of the approach has led to pioneering work by music professionals in the United States with children who have physical handicaps, learning disabilities, and behavioral problems.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JURGEN HILMER



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While the children learn to play the violin, they often make dramatic improvements in areas where other professionals have offered little hope.

Besides Schott, other Santa Barbara violin teachers who base their approach on the Suzuki method are Laverne Lunde, Marcia von Huene, and Marilyn Worth. Sharlene Wilson teaches Suzuki-style cello; and Marilyn Clemmons, Libby Hildestad, Mary Holton, Virginia Jordan, Kathleen Mahoney, and Maria Perkins offer Suzuki-style piano instruction. The teachers all know one another and share successful ideas and games.

In addition to her teaching, Schott has played violin with the Santa Barbara Symphony, the Santa Barbara Chamber Orchestra, and several other orchestras and chamber groups.

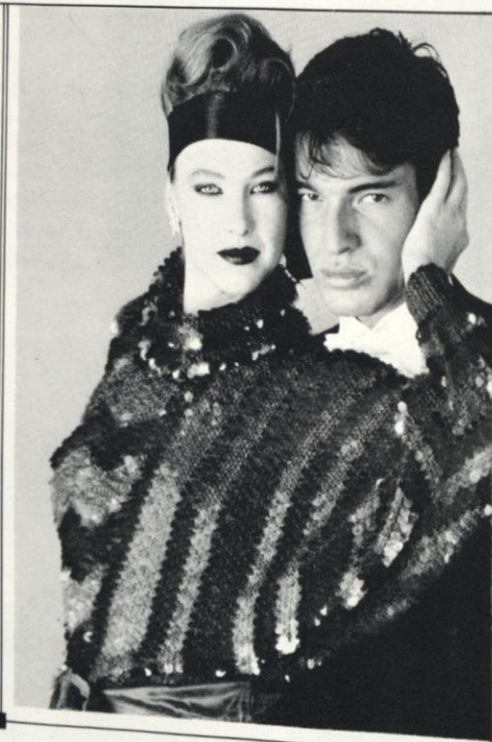
Schott's musical career began with piano lessons at age six and violin lessons at age eight. "The children of my generation would go to lessons and our

"Playing makes me
happy inside."
Anna says. "Alone
and happy at the
same time."

teachers would yell at us to improve. Then we'd go home, and our parents would yell at us to practice. It was so expected that it was a joke. Only the walls ever really heard us play."

Schott was determined to end the cycle. In 1977 she discovered Suzuki's book, *Nurtured by Love: A New Approach to Education*, now in its nineteenth printing. "The idea took hold immediately," she says. Schott traveled to Victoria, British Columbia, to study under Frana Colquhoun, who'd been a Suzuki teacher 15 years. Later she studied with John Kendall, considered the foremost Suzuki teacher in the United States. And every summer she gets additional training at one of the Suzuki Institute Workshops.

"There've been many benefits for me personally," she says, leaning forward. "I don't have much time to practice anymore, but I find that by teaching I become a better violinist myself. I've had to



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figure out what's really happening to this muscle and that muscle when you want to do this or that." Her fingers move down her arm and then into the air. "I've always known the language of music. Now I'm finally building my technique so I can play what I hear."

The benefits also spill over into her daughter Anna's musical studies. Suzuki students first learn to play by listening to music and copying what they hear and see demonstrated. Now ten, Anna is one of Scott's most advanced students and is at the reading notes.

Anna and I leave the class for a moment to talk, using a quiet spare room decorated by an old oak desk. She tells me her two favorite pieces to play are the third movement of Vivaldi's Concerto in A major and the first movement of Schubert's Concerto no. 5.

"I like the sounds of music," Anna says. "Playing makes me happy inside. And I'm sad and happy at the same time." She practices from 6:30 to 7:30 each morning in the various rooms in the house. "Now when I play," she says, "I see the notes in my head." She smiles as if seeing them there.

When the Saturday class is finished, Scott comes to fetch Anna for a birthday party at which some of the students will play. As we pass through the kitchen, Scott's 17-year-old son Mischa is cooking lunch. Her husband, author Max Scott, sits in the living room, reading. Scott's 24-year-old daughter Vicky is away at work. The house, built in 1900, is filled with natural woods and comfortable furniture lovingly collected over the years.

She pauses at the upright piano to say good-bye.

What does music mean to Elaine Scott personally? She laughs and shakes her head with the mass of dark hair. "My whole life is saturated with music," she says. "I hear it in my mind all the time. I can't shut it off—but then I don't want to." She pauses, reflecting a moment. "Sometimes it's almost as if you can hear a whole piece instantly. Other times, you follow it along as if you were listening to a concert." She smiles broadly. "I'm constantly excited about teaching. There are thousands of rewards, but mostly I'd have to agree with Orin—it's fun." ■

Gayle Stone is a local writer with a novel and two nonfiction books in process. She teaches through UCSB Extension and is cofounder of the Writers Studio in Santa Barbara.

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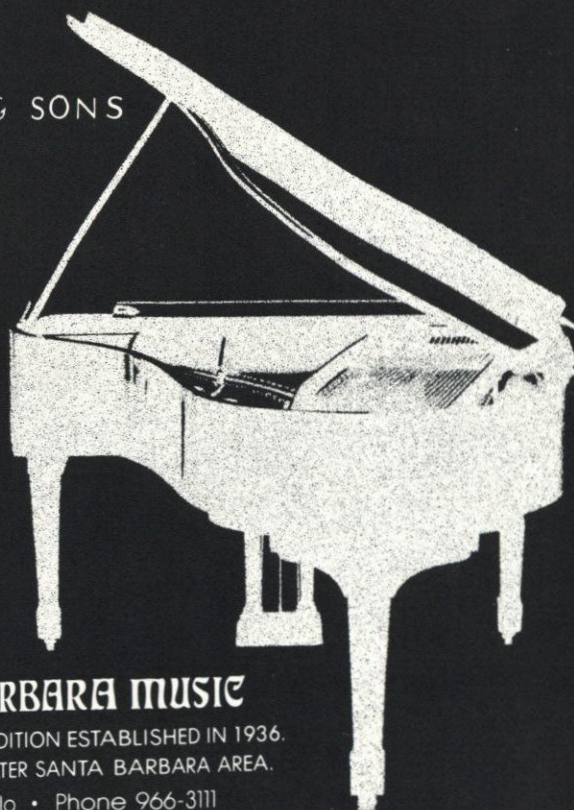
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THE ART OF TURKEY PRESS

By William Lewis

Photographed by Jürgen Hilmer



AMONG SMALL-PRESS PUBLISHERS nationwide, Harry and Sandra Reese, owners of Turkey Press, are fast becoming recognized for excellence and innovation in an exciting art form called typographic printmaking, or book art.

"We're learning and experimenting as we go along," Harry says. "I like to think that Turkey Press is helping to pioneer this field."

The couple does more than print by letterpress at their Isla Vista home; they also bind their books by hand and often use homemade paper to display the printed word. This return to the basics has been praised by small press connoisseurs throughout the country. Four times they have been awarded grants by the National Endowment for the Arts. Standing orders by private collectors, art

museums, and major university libraries like Harvard, Stanford, and the Bodleian Library at Oxford attest to the vision and quality of Turkey Press publications.

Harry and Sandra even have the look of pioneers, shunning sartorial affectation in favor of Levi's and T-shirts. There is a genuine, down-home, rural ingredient to their hospitality that relaxes a visitor at once.

Walking past vegetables and fruit in a thriving organic garden off Sueño Road, I join the Reeses in their rustic backyard print shop, drinking coffee on a Saturday morning. On the floor between them, their golden retriever, Vini (named for the famed Dodger sportscaster), sprawls in a rare moment of repose, snoozing fitfully beside a well-chewed tennis ball. The door is open, and sunlight floods the

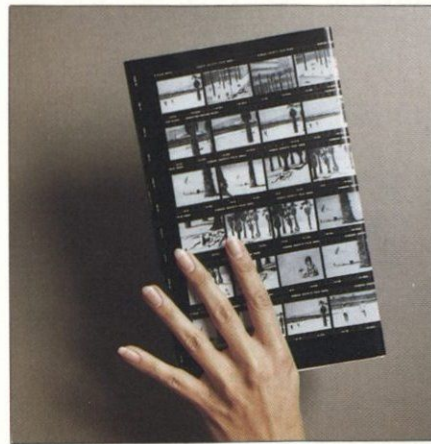
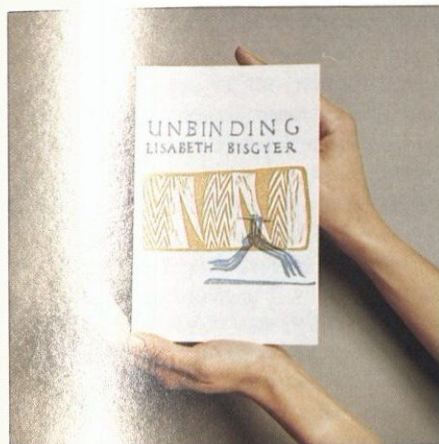
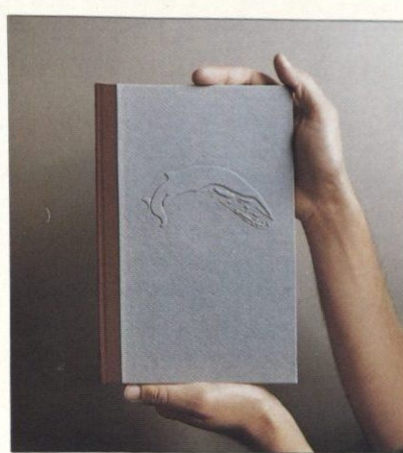
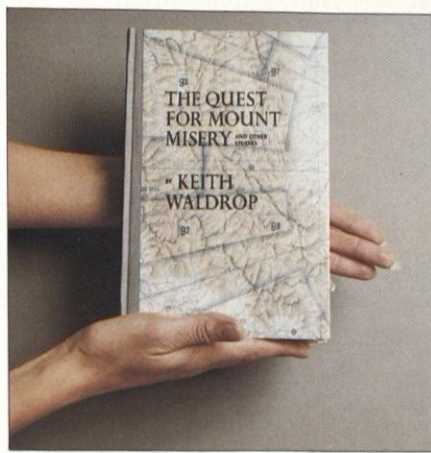
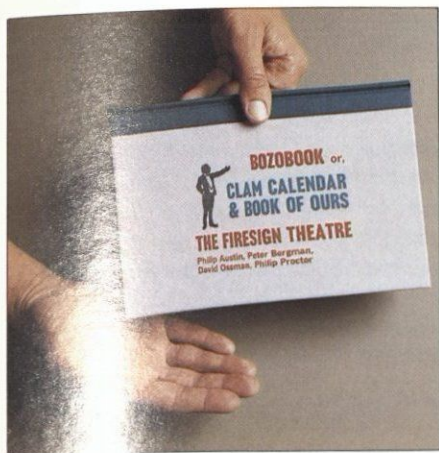
small room, reflecting off a potbellied stove and two shiny hand presses, later introduced as a Vandercook number 219 cylinder press and a turn-of-the-century Chandler and Price platen press.

The fast-paced image of a modern mechanical print shop is replaced here by the old-fashioned smells of wood, oiled metal, and ink. The shop is crowded with the essentials: type-filled cabinets, a proof press, leads, binding tools, wood blocks, galley cases, a paper cutter, and a standing Hickok book-binding press. Along the narrow driveway, visible from the open door, stacks of Harry's handmade paper dry in the sun, waiting for the printing process to begin.

Sandra pours more coffee while Harry, at my prompting, describes the beginnings of his publishing venture nearly a decade ago.

"The press was launched in October 1974," he explains, "when I was a graduate student in creative writing at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island. My friend David Cooper helped start the press. He did a lot of the work that first year while I wrote my thesis and taught poetry in the local high schools."

Harry already had a little experience, working as an assistant with the Copper Beech Press—setting type and helping with design. Printing, however, was not always at the top of his interests. He had earned a bachelor's degree in political science at UCSB, and following a brief and abortive stint at Hastings' Law School, had returned to UCSB to study the work of the transcendentalists and to earn a master's degree in religious studies. Shortly thereafter, he journeyed to Brown and, together with David Cooper, spent \$75 on an old hand press, bought a motor for another \$25, and started teaching himself the rudiments of printing.



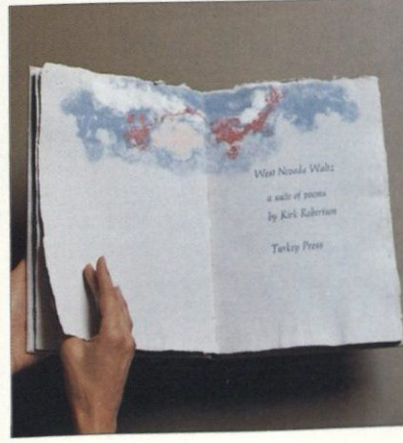
Choosing a publishing name and logo took some thought. "We finally decided on Turkey Press for several reasons," he says. For one thing, it had excellent graphic potential; for another, it had a traditional American ring to it. And the obvious disparaging connotations often associated with the word *turkey* also appealed to us as a kind of challenge.

"I didn't know what direction the press would take in those days, but I did have certain standards in mind. Before going to Brown, I'd seen books published by Jon and Louise Webb of the Loujon Press. I'd also seen samples of Graham Mackintosh's work, and I was familiar with the San Francisco tradition that Graham and publishers like the Grabhorn brothers helped to establish. Mainly, I was inspired by their care and dedication—the *quality* of their work."

During Harry and David Cooper's first year as publishers, they produced five books of poetry, all by contemporary writers. Each of these publications was well received, and in 1976, Turkey Press accepted its first grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. By then, Harry

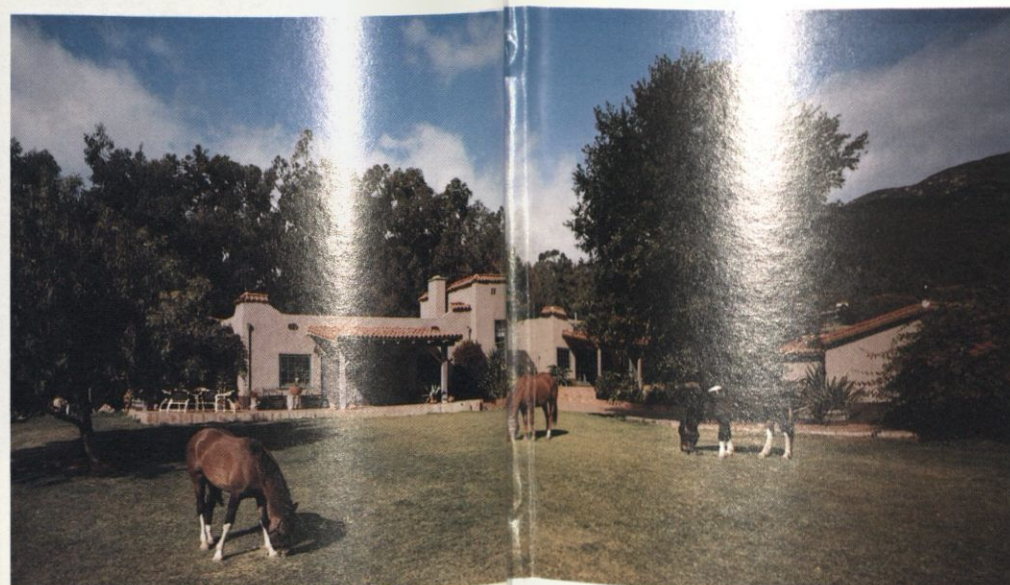
Continued on page 69

Opposite: "Book art" from Harry and Sandra Reese's Turkey Press wins accolades from museums, libraries, and private collectors all over the country. Above, clockwise from top left: The Bozobook by the Firesign Theatre combines typographic and visual puns between covers Harry made from some of the authors' personal items. More handmade paper holds literary sketches by poet Keith Waldrop in The Quest for Mount Misery. Harry and Sandra complemented Robert Gibb's poetry with antique illustrations in Whalesongs. Local author and poet Tom Clark describes his Nine Songs as "American haiku." Turkey Press also published Clark's latest: Under the Fortune Palms. Lisabeth Bisgyer's Unbinding launched the press in 1975. Below, left: In Arplines, Harry joined fragments from Jean Arp's poetry, journals, and letters into new forms he calls collage poems. Below, right: Collectors cite Kirk Robertson's West Nevada Waltz as a spectacular example of the Turkey Press fusion of art and literature.





Veteran actor and entrepreneur Stuart Whitman admits he's also a frustrated architect, and the chance to create his own family retreat in Montecito was too good to pass up. He imported building materials and decorations from all over the world, then ad-libbed the design as he went along. He devotes most of the 16 acres to horses, avocados, and citrus.



Stuart Whitman's Live Oak Ranch

By Trudy Reece • Photography by Jürgen Hilmer



THE LONG DRIVE leading to the Montecito residence of actor Stuart Whitman winds through rolling pastures and well-tended avocado groves. A small herd of Andean llamas graze peacefully in an adjacent field.

The visitor passes a picturesque barn adorned with thick crossed beams, its traditional styling like something out of a pastoral scene by Constable. Three curious horses look up from their stall windows, pausing only long enough from their lunch to eye the visitor with mild interest.

Ahead, the rambling single-story ranch house nestles against a gently sloping hill only a few yards from a winding creek. Oaks, sycamores, and eucalyptus trees abound. The house is actually a complex of three buildings clustered together, arranged around a series of wide lawns, open

patios, and well-shaded porches, and all painted the same pale adobe brown as the barn. Red tiled roofs bake in the warm noonday sun.

The slam of the car door jars the stillness, and instantly the quiet is broken again as three huge dogs of indeterminate breed bound forward. They wag their tails and run panting in circles. As their master approaches, the dogs' attention turns to him.

Hollywood actor, businessman, and gentleman farmer Stuart Whitman is a tall, strapping fellow with that unmistakable star quality that casting agents appreciate so well. The striking blue-gray eyes under the shock of thick black hair and wide grin on the handsome weathered face are instantly recognizable from his three decades of work in films.

Whitman is happy to show off his country



Above: Whitman built his hacienda on the foundations of the old Live Oak Dairy, which operated for over 30 years before moving to Buellton in the mid '40s. The land stood idle until Whitman bought it from a Maori chief in 1976. Above top and opposite: The comfortable interiors reflect the rugged, down-to-earth personality of their designer.

place, talk about how it came to be, and share some thoughts about his career and life in general.

He leads the way to a wide tile veranda overlooking a lower terrace and swimming pool. A white-fenced pasture extends beyond, and behind that lies a striking view of Montecito, the Pacific, and the Channel Islands sparkling on the horizon.

There's an unmistakable south-of-the-border feel about the home. Whitman says he brought the huge red tiles up from Tecate, Mexico. They comprise the porches, paths, and pool area as well as the floors of the houses. Inside, the tiles are sealed and polished to a deep red, while outside they remain in their pink-brown porous state. Flowering bougainvillea hangs from trellises, and, all around, huge clay pots hold a variety of oversized succulents.

The host leans back in an arm-stuffed canvas chair and sips a cool drink as he reminisces about the origins of his Santa Barbara homestead. "The first time I spent any length of time in Santa Barbara was in 1974 during the filming of a movie called *Tender Flesh*," he says. "It was directed by Laurence Harvey who also acted in it.

"That's when I fell in love with the area, but I had admired it for a long time. I visited friends here on many occasions over the years, and earlier my father and I got involved with buying the old Monte Monte Hotel [now the Sheraton]. We had to sell it after only a few months because we couldn't afford to keep it, and we couldn't get any other investors. At that time a lot of people thought Santa Barbara was way off the beaten path." He smiles wryly.

"I happened to hear about this property about eight years ago while I was shooting a film in New Zealand, of all places. I met up with a Maori chief—a tribal prince who was also a bit of a wheeler-dealer business magnate. He had some timberland for sale, which I looked into, plus an option on this land along with another big estate in Montecito, the old Morton Salt house.

At that time Whitman's daughter Linda was studying at UCSB and living in Montecito. "Linda had been urging me to buy something up here, so I told her to take a look at this property, thinking it was a long shot. Well, she fell in love with it—camped up here all night—and called me the next day insisting I come over to take a look. And that was it. The timberland deal never happened, but I ended up with 30 acres here and the mansion, which I subsequently sold."

Whitman says when he bought it, the ranch was a shambles. It had been the location of the old Live Oak Dairy for over 30 years before it shut down in the mid '40s.



In its heyday, the dairy produced only raw milk, which was delivered to many of the homes in the area. But when homogenized milk became the standard, the dairy went out of business. The family who owned it, the Bazzis, moved the entire operation north to Buellton.

"They sold the property to a fellow who wanted to subdivide it into about 30 parcels for a housing development," Whitman says. "The project was all set to go when he died unexpectedly. So the land was put back on the market, and I suppose my Maori friend came into the picture somewhere around there."

When Whitman bought the farm, which he now calls the Live Oak Ranch, his idea was to put the land to good use. He wanted to plant avocado trees, maybe grow some citrus, raise pigs and horses, and perhaps

do some experimenting with other crops. He thought that the original 30 acres would be too much to handle, so he sold off 14 of them, which are now home to the neighboring llamas.

He planted the avocado trees as soon as he got the land cleared away. "You wouldn't believe all the incredible junk that had accumulated here through the years," he sighs. "It cost me \$7,000 just to have it all carted away."

There was no water on the place, so he had to drill a well. The first one was a "duster," but he had better luck with the next one, and now there's plenty of water for the avocados. The trees were doing very well until the torrential rains of last winter when half of them were lost. But Whitman has since replanted, and the new ones are doing fine.

And then there were the pigs. Whitman laughs. "I guess raising pigs was kind of a nutty idea. We built a small pigpen and started out with only two animals. But before we knew it, we had six of the little critters. They were a pain in the neck. Well, I don't like to use the word *butcher*, but we found an outfit in Santa Ynez to smoke three of them for us. Then we had a hell of a barbecue with the other three. We had about 300 guests right here on the porch—a marvelous feast." He chuckles again and shakes his head. "Not much ever works out exactly as you plan."

"The other idea I had was to get into the horse business—maybe breeding. I have a beautiful young Arabian stallion here, so I'm consulting with breeders in the area about using him for stud purposes. I might turn the lower pasture into a run for him,

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but first I'll have to make the fence higher because these guys can get awfully frisky."

The main house was completed only three years ago, and construction has been a constant activity on the small ranch for the past five years. Supervising the work is a formidable task, but Whitman says he thrives on it. The original dairy structures were almost completely torn down, with new buildings erected on the old foundations. Only a few walls from the dairy remain intact.

Inside the house, Whitman keeps a fat photo album devoted exclusively to the saga of the building project. It's a whimsical collection of color snapshots of piles of rotting wood, piles of rocks, spinning children, their shirtless hard-working dad, and many other moments of an obviously hectic but happy time.

The actor designed the house himself. "I guess I'm partly a frustrated architect and this was my big chance," he says. The rooms were largely ad-libbed as the building went along. Whitman would sketch out what he wanted, and the workmen would proceed based on his drawings.

The interiors have a casual, down-to-earth quality that reflects their designer. Visitors enter a bright, spacious living room combined with a dining area and a well-equipped kitchen. Overhead is a high, sloping stucco and beam ceiling.

Rough gray redwood boards cover sections of the walls throughout the house, effectively juxtaposed with smooth white stucco. All of the built-in cabinetry, including the doors of the refrigerator and ovens, are covered with the same dark wood. Whitman found the sturdier lumber in Oregon. An old barn was being torn down, and he bought all the wood and had it shipped to Montecito. The barn siding is covered with an invisible living moss, which, according to Whitman, keeps the air inside oxygen rich.

The interior decoration of the house also has a decidedly rustic, masculine feel. (The bachelor admits wistfully that he sometimes thinks he'd like to see more of a woman's touch about the place.) Over the breakfast bar he's mounted a collection of ornate Mexican iron bits, originally part of antique horses' bridles. Brightly colored American Indian and Persian rugs scatter over the gleaming tile floors. The owner's love of animals is manifest in the paintings and natural history publications piled high on the oversized coffee table.

He's adorned the walls with colorful masks from the various regions of Mexico, and a fierce-looking long-horned steer skull hangs over the kitchen work-island facing the living room. A two-foot souvenir statue

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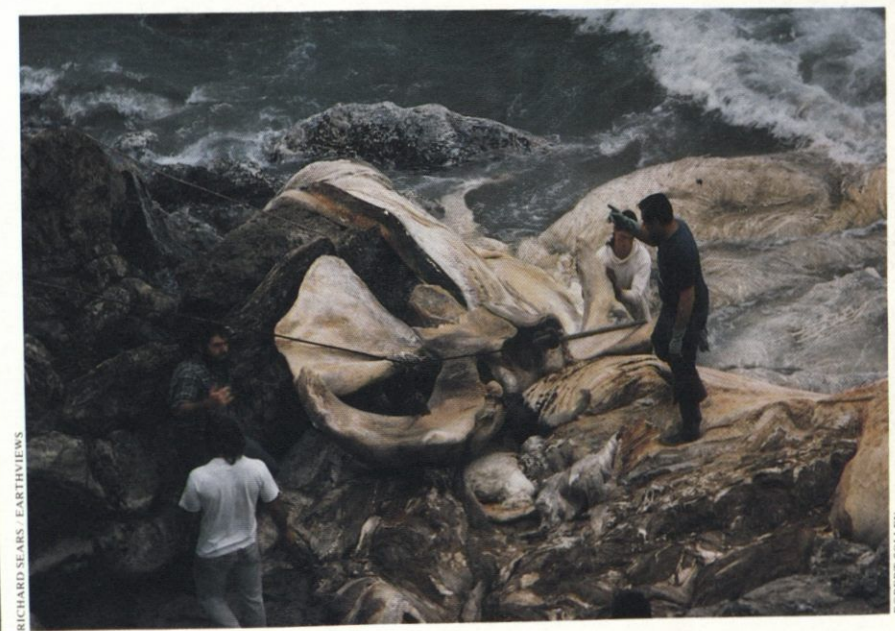
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BLUE WHALE IN MISSION CANYON

By Robert Sollen



RICHARD SEARS, EARTHVIEWS

ROBERT SOLLEN

A magnificent blue whale skeleton stands newly reassembled outside the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History—a spectacular sight for visitors and scholars, but also a reminder that humans have nearly succeeded in wiping out the largest living creature ever to inhabit planet Earth. Surrounded by gravel walks, pyracantha bushes, and ancient live oaks, the 72-foot specimen honors the largest of all whales in one of the first complete blue whale reconstructions in the United States.

Before the turn of the century, blue whales numbered about 200,000. Then advanced twentieth-century ships and equipment made hunting the giants possible, and today only an estimated 9,000 to 20,000 remain. They are scattered throughout the world's oceans in small groups and in different places at different times. Sadly, sci-

entists say that too few may have survived for the species to continue.

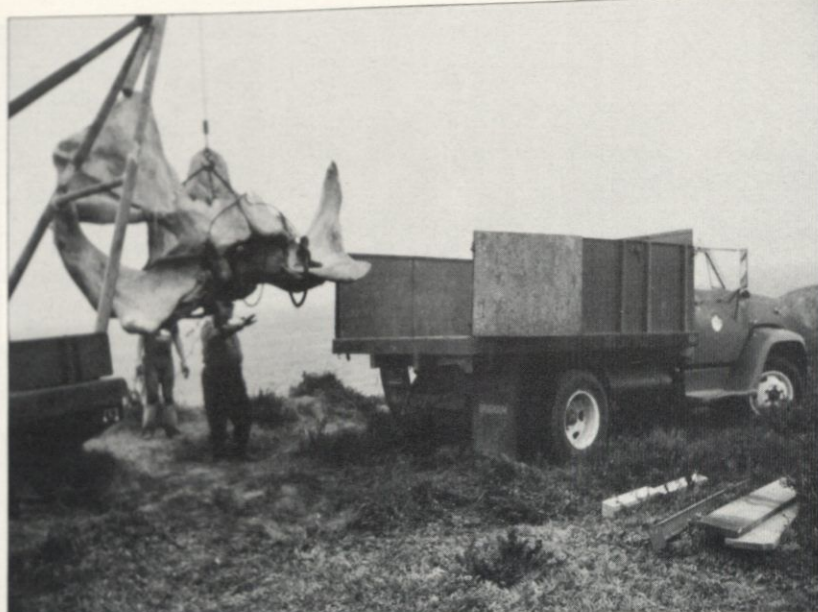
Backed by a 1966 international ban on killing blue whales, Santa Barbarans and other concerned citizens are spreading the message that the gentle beasts should be treasured, not plundered.

The mighty blue whale grows far larger than any dinosaur that ever walked the earth. It lives 90 to 100 years, and is endowed with an almost magical ability to navigate the world's oceans. One of its favored pathways is along the Santa Barbara Channel Islands.

It takes 1,500 sturdy people to equal 100 tons, but just one blue whale. Blues often grow to 100 feet, and they weigh a ton a foot. After a six-month feeding season, they can weigh twice that much. That's a lot of meat, oil, and blubber, and that's why the



Above left: On their journey from Mexican to Alaskan waters, a rare blue whale and her calf pause to bask in the California sunshine. The gentle blue giants represent the largest creatures ever to inhabit planet Earth. With their population left sadly decimated by the whaling industry earlier in the century, too few blues may have survived to continue the species. Above: In August of 1980 a young blue whale died of unknown causes off the coast of Santa Barbara. The tide draped his carcass below a rocky cliff at Vandenberg Air Force Base. Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History staff and volunteers worked long hours in the pounding surf to salvage the rare skeleton. Top: Cables from two cliff-top winches carefully eased the huge cranium up the 100-foot slope.



JURGEN HILMER



ROBERT SULLEN

Above top: After the two-and-a-half-ton skull made it to the top of the bluff from the surfline, it had to be loaded and secured onto the red museum truck for the trip back to Santa Barbara. Above: A jigsaw puzzle of bones ended up in the backyard of the vertebrate laboratory. Here Charles Woodhouse, marine mammal specialist and assistant director of the museum, shakes his head over the tremendous task ahead of him. Right: Woodhouse, backed by assistant James Greaves and 1,250 hours of volunteer labor from the community, bolts a final rib in place. Above right: Late last year, three years and three months after the whale washed ashore at Vandenberg, the museum unveiled its spectacular 72-foot monument to the remarkable species.



ROBERT SULLEN



international whaling industry took such a liking to the whale in the first half of this century. Producing by-products such as livestock feed, margarine, and fertilizer, the massive hunt peaked in the season of 1930-31 with a slaughter of nearly 30,000 individuals—more blue whales than swim the ocean today.

Shocked into action, governments of whaling nations formed the International Whaling Commission. Over the years the commission designed regulations to conserve ocean wildlife by restricting the harvest. Most countries abide by the rules, with the notable exceptions of Japan and the Soviet Union.

In August of 1980, nature provided Santa Barbarans an opportunity to study and display the skeleton of a rare blue whale. The community donated more than 1,250

volunteer hours to the museum specimen—a 25-year-old male that died at sea of unknown causes. The exhibit opened in November 1983 with a slogan that drew hundreds of visitors: Blue Whale Sighted In Mission Canyon!

"A specimen like this is dramatic," says museum director Dennis Power. "It's a focal point for getting people interested in biology, ecology, and marine animals; a dramatic visual aid to arouse interest in marine life and in life sciences in general."

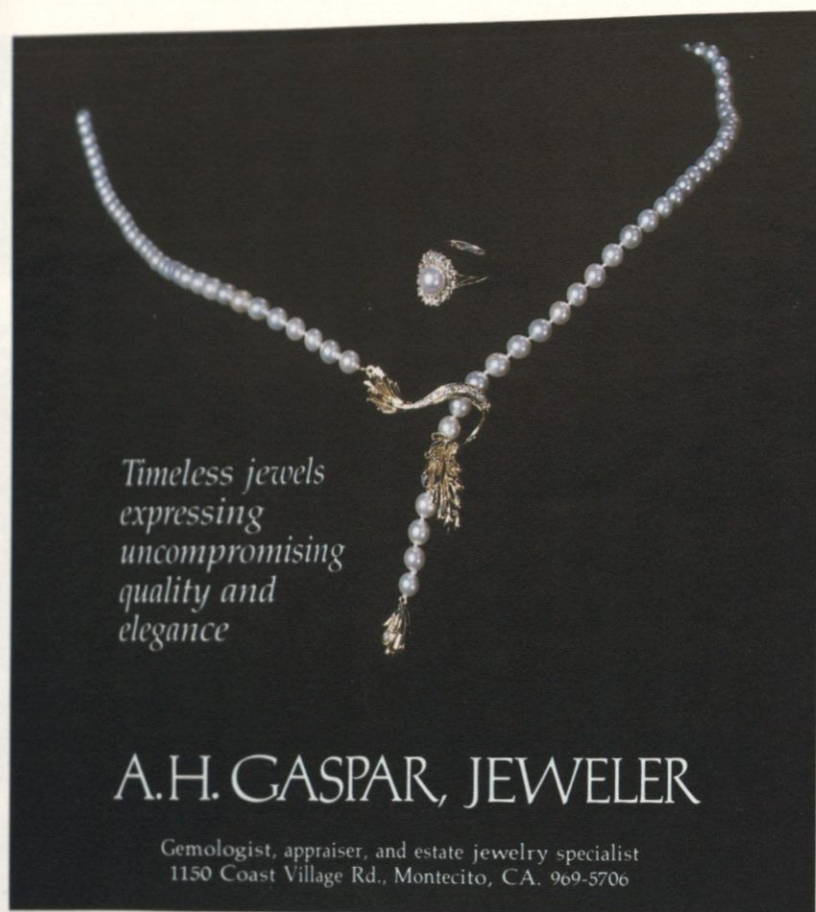
Weighing 70 to 80 tons, the whale's body had washed ashore at Vandenberg Air Force Base, where the surf draped the carcass over boulders at the foot of a steep 100-foot slope. It was Friday afternoon during the vacation of Charles Woodhouse, marine mammal expert and assistant director of the Santa Barbara museum. While

staff members tried to locate him, Los Angeles and Baltimore museums indicated they would be interested in having the animal. But word reached Woodhouse in time for him to decide that the whale—or as much of it as possible—would be the property of the Santa Barbara institution.

"When I got back in town I said, 'Well, let's at least try for the skull,'" Woodhouse remembers. "Someone donated a crane and many others helped. That was a great morale booster."

Woodhouse and several men worked for hours in the pounding surf. They carved the skull from the blubber and wrested it from the spine. Finally the men secured cables from two bluff-top winches onto the three-ton cranium and dragged the big bone slowly up the incline.

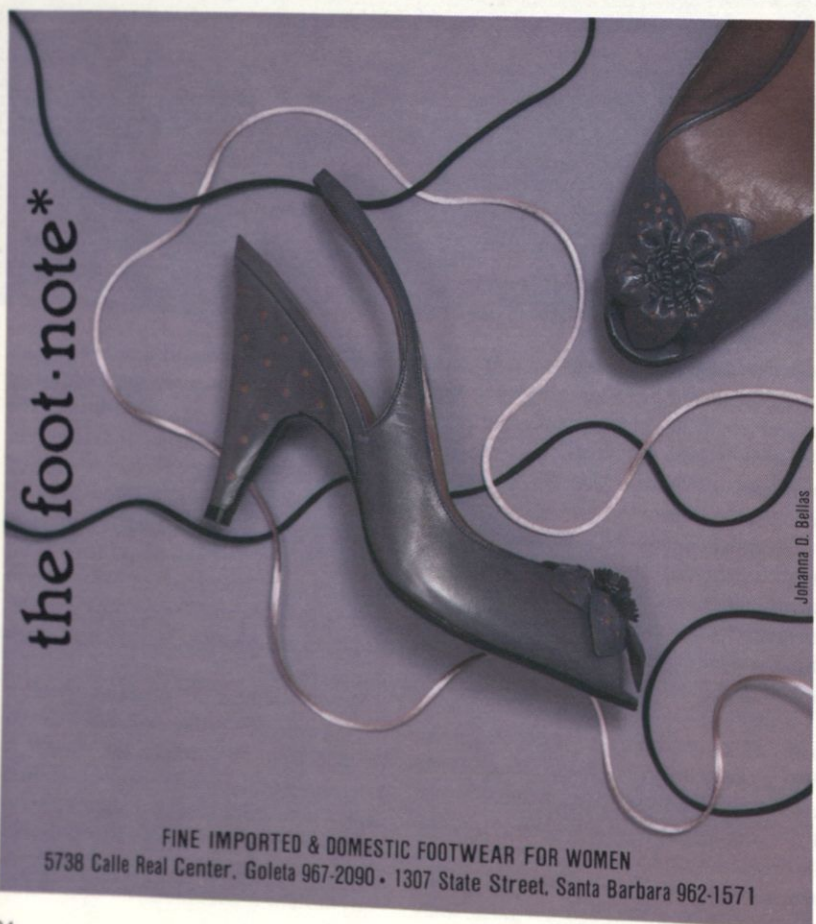
By this time museum staff member Waldo



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Abbott had arrived at the Vandenberg sentry post with the red museum truck. After some difficulty, he convinced the sentries he was there to pick up a whale's head, and they waved him through. Woodhouse remembers the truck springs giving a mighty creak as the skull settled onto the flatbed.

"The decision to try for the rest of the skeleton wasn't made overnight," he says. "The logistics seemed overpowering at the time. We knew degreasing the bones would be a long task. What I didn't envision was how tough the connective tissue would be."

But as progress steadily continued, Woodhouse, his assistant James Greaves, and museum director Dennis Posner decided they wanted to reassemble the entire 72-foot skeleton. "We didn't have room to store tons of bones," Woodhouse says. "And we couldn't just leave them scattered all over the backyard, though they drew a lot of interest there. Even unattended, they were the most popular display on the docents' tours."

Since the museum had no room large enough to house the two-story skeleton and no funds to build a new exhibit room, why not keep it outdoors where it had always been? A corridor between the museum's auditorium and parking lot seemed ideal for the steel support system that Woodhouse had conceived. When reassembled, the long sleek skeleton would be held in a gentle arc as if the whale were preparing to dive.

But first many bones had to be repaired. Lining up the scores of ribs and vertebrae in the right sequence was a herculean task. "I joked with visitors that we got a wonderful kit, but we lost the instructions," Woodhouse says.

To patch and restore damaged bones, Woodhouse and Greaves used Bondo, a repair compound for auto bodies that sculpts easily before turning rock hard. While the museum crew shaped Bondo over gauze, chicken wire, and fiberglass fabric to rebuild where necessary, they laughingly threatened to name the restored skeleton Bondo.

Observing the laborious, tedious, and time-consuming task over more than three years, one might easily assume that the cost was running into hundreds of thousands of dollars. But the Santa Barbara museum did it with a \$28,000 grant and a lot of volunteer labor.

The grant from Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Frank paid for the construction of a gantry that supported the bones while they were being steam blasted and assembled, a special steel trailer to support and transport the skull during restoration, and James

Greaves's time. Besides that, 1,000 hours of volunteer labor got the beast off the beach and another 250 hours aided in reconstruction. Seldom has \$28,000 gone so far.

According to popular whale lore, eastern Pacific blue whales in the northern hemisphere should be feeding in Alaskan waters in August, not basking off sunny Santa Barbara County. Not necessarily, Woodhouse says. "In June of 1980 we saw a dozen between Santa Rosa and San Miguel islands," he explains. "There's lots of krill here in the summer to feed on, and blue whales don't migrate nearly as far north as grays do."

Other experts agree with Woodhouse's findings. "In Southern California, sightings are fairly regular from July through October, often just off the Channel Islands," says a report from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA). "Blue whales have been reported around San Miguel Island for several weeks at a time during the summer months. This may mean that some whales for some years venture little farther north than Point Conception."

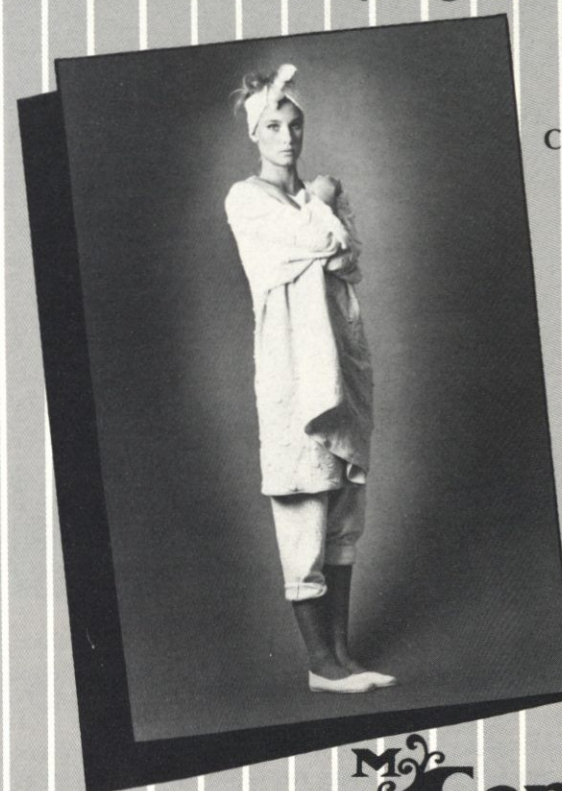
Unlike grays, which migrate in small groups so far offshore that their routes are difficult to track, in the past, blues were thought to migrate from Arctic or Antarctic waters in warm months to spend the winter in tropic waters. Now scientists believe they may take different routes on occasion, and some may even migrate. According to NOAA and the Alaska Geographic Society, one traveling group may live year-round 1,000 to 2,000 miles off Central America.

The navigational abilities of those who make the Alaska-Mexico trek each year seem almost magical. "We have really no idea how species such as blue, sei, sperm, and bottlenose whales are able to orient themselves and migrate across thousands of miles of open ocean," says D. C. Gaskin, author of *The Ecology of Whales and Dolphins*.

The mighty blue whale begins life even larger in size than most mammals ever reach as adults. At birth, blue whale calves measure about 25 feet long and weigh between two and three tons. A baby gains 200 pounds a day on mother's milk, which has ten times the fat content of cow's milk. This free lunch goes on for seven months, increasing the calf's protective blubber layer before it swims to colder seas to feed on solid food.

As it matures, the world's largest animal is sustained by some of the very smallest creatures—krill, tiny crustaceans similar to shrimp that thrive in cold waters and some temperate zones like Santa Barbara's.

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The blue needs a lot of krill to satisfy its appetite and metabolic demands, and it eats without chewing. Instead, it is toothless, its body designed for another kind of ingestion. "Pleats" under its lower jaw extend back to its belly button. These expand when the whale takes in a tank-sized scoop of water containing a mass of krill. The whale forces the water out through 600 to 800 baleen on the upper jaw. The baleen are extensions similar to cartilage, matted with bristles to strain the nourishing crustaceans from the water. The whale need only lick them off with its giant tongue.

Depending on which expert's book one reads, the blue whale takes in four to eight tons of krill or four to eight million shrimp a day when feeding. The blue whale must consume a yearly average of 100 million and a half calories a day. But since the mammal is believed to feed less than six months a year, it must double the calories during that time; that's roughly 200 million calories a day. Whether blue whales fast completely in other months is yet to be determined, although scientists agree that at most, they eat very little when away from cold water.

When they aren't feeding, some blue whales are mating. This takes place in warm southern waters during winter. Although no one has reported witnessing blue whales mating, scientists know the gestation period lasts one year and that calving occurs on the southward end of migration.

While the humpback whale makes the most intriguing sounds, the blue outdoes it in volume. Recorded at 188 decibels, a blue whale's whistle is the loudest sound ever known to be produced by a living source, according to Lyall Watson, author of *Sea Guide to Whales of the World*. Scientists speculate that low frequency blue whale moans may be used as signals over hundreds or even thousands of miles.

The blue whales that migrate off the coast of Santa Barbara, called the eastern Northern Pacific group, are believed to number about 6,000, the largest group of blues in any ocean. Scientists are watching to see whether the scattered groups will provide enough genetic diversity for the species to reestablish itself. Meanwhile, appreciative Santa Barbarans at the natural history museum can study and enjoy the framework of one of nature's most awesome masterworks—the remarkable blue whale.

Robert Sollen has been a reporter for the Santa Barbara News-Press for the last 15 years, specializing in resource management issues.

Continued from page 19

who leads classes in script writing at UCSB. Another favorite is Barnaby Conrad, a colorful writer and artist who is also a former restaurateur and bullfighter. World-renowned Julia Cunningham writes highly respected fiction for older children. Charles Smithdeal, an accomplished reconstructive surgeon, writes taut medical thrillers. Ian Bernard, a contemporary Renaissance man, is as versatile on the keys of a Steinway as on an Olivetti. Kim Downey writes with expertise on Native Americans. And Ed Engberg dazzles his readers when writing about the financial forces that shape America. These, along with at least three score others, could warrant separate profiles in these pages.

Amid this hive of interests and personalities, the three of group dynamics—controversy, conflicts, and conflicts—are inevitable; the reason, so it is said, for the splinter group.

The late Irving Townsend, an ardent member during his time, described the Writers Lunch as "men's lunch group." A number of regulars agreed with him. Kenneth Millar's wife Margaret, who published novels before he died and who continues to do so now with universal acclaim, never accompanied her husband to the lunches. Ken reportedly said, "The men will surely show off." (To which Iwag rejoined, "They show off anyway!")

One version of the story has it that a grudge was nourished as far back in history as the time the male writer Eudora Welty was in Santa Barbara, pointedly not invited to the lunch, and pointedly brought by Millar.

Another version blames a personality clash, and another claims that gender has nothing to do with the matter—that it all centers on preferences in food.

Whatever the reasons—and *The Great Writers Lunch Controversy Debate* will surely make a superb subject novel someday—a splinter group does meet on appropriately opposing Wednesdays, at the Miramar.

A number of local writers regularly cross over, which is to say they pick their lunch groups as the whim takes them. And although there may be some grumbling about it, women now frequent both groups.

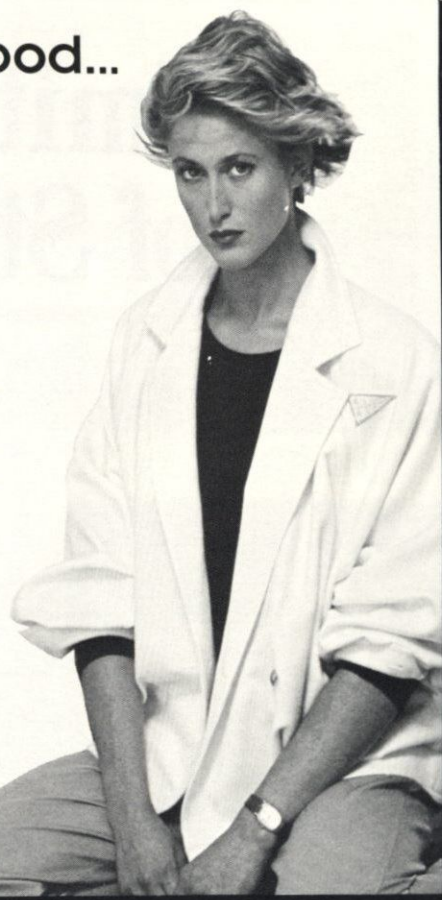
That wraps up everything nicely except for the question of which Group is the True Group. I am absolutely no good at these matters. Better ask Dennis...and check with Bill. ■

Shelly Lowenkopf, a Santa Barbara-based editor and writer of fiction and nonfiction, also leads a graduate class in fiction-writing techniques at USC.

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Smith Sand Fleas of Stearns Wharf



By Irene Smith-Gunther

THE CELEBRATION of Stearns Wharf's hundred and twelfth anniversary brought me back to Santa Barbara early last October. I joined my daughter and eight-year-old great-granddaughter to browse through curio shops crowded with visitors. We watched couples dancing to a string orchestra under bouquets of colorful balloons, then lined up behind people waiting for steaming cups of clam chowder. Hungry as we were, we had to drop out of line. The catamaran was about to sail and we had tickets for a 90-minute cruise of the harbor.

The vantage point from the sea provided a magnificent view of my old hometown, with the mountains as a backdrop, the low hills peppered with beautiful homes, the town nestled in the valley, and tall palm trees lining the boulevard close behind the wharf. The air was clear as crystal.

My great-granddaughter asked me what Santa Barbara looked like when I was a child, so I let my memory drift back through the decades to my earliest years. I told her Santa Barbara was still a sleepy little settlement in 1902, when I was two years old and my family moved from Summerland to the wharf.

At that time Cabrillo Boulevard ran along the waterfront much as it does today. And from the wharf you looked up the only business street, which is still called

State Street. But on the west side of the wharf was a lumberyard on the sand, where our closest neighbors, the Westberrys, lived with their two children and a mean-tempered bulldog. On the north side stood a candy store and ice-cream parlor run by the Mutter family and their three children.

Looking farther up State Street across the wooden bridge over Mission Creek, you could see a few buildings and then the railroad tracks. The Neal Hotel was near the train depot, then the Oyster House restaurant, a photographic studio, a grocery store, and Mrs. Brant's millinery shop.

Even farther up, a few more buildings scattered to De La Guerra Street and the Rafter House restaurant. Nearby, several Spanish and Mexican families had settled long ago and built homes of adobe bricks, with adobe walls enclosing their gardens and homes. Most of the stores on State Street were owned by settlers from the east, whose homes dotted the valley. About two miles up State Street and to the right, the Old Mission looked down over the town.

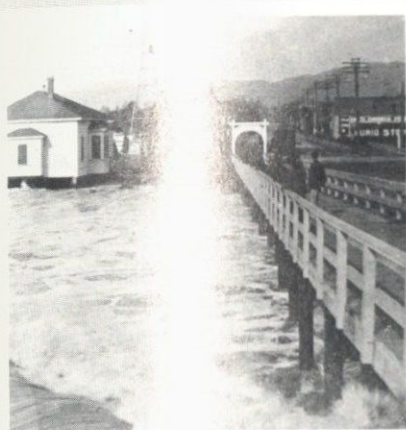
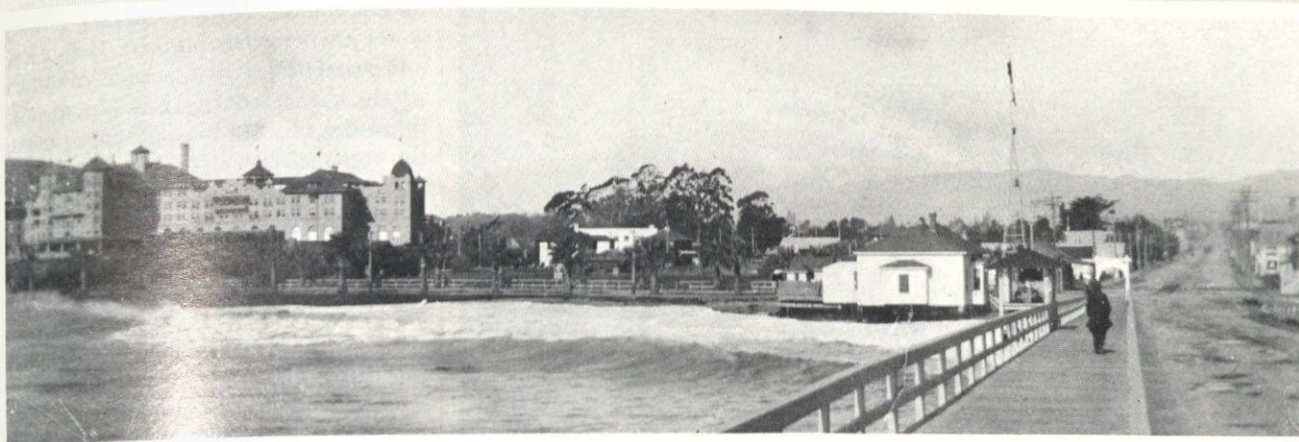
Back at the foot of State Street was the dream come true of J.P. Stearns, who came to Santa Barbara from Vermont in 1867. He wanted to build the longest deep water pier between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and with a loan of \$41,000 from

Santa Barbara's wealthy Colonel H. Lister and a 20-year franchise from the city, he began construction in 1871.

Seventeen years later the Stearns Wharf Stock Company sold shares, and Frank Smith, my great-uncle, purchased considerable stock. He was director and secretary of the company, and when Mr. Stearns passed on in 1897, Frank took over full responsibility. Having many other civic duties, including direction of the Central Bank and later acting as mayor of Santa Barbara, Frank hired his son, Harry, and his nephew—my father, Cap—to manage the wharf for him. On the sand at the foot of the wharf near the lumberyard stood a large house built on pilings. Along with my mother and father and three sisters, I lived here from 1902 to 1908.

The house had two bedrooms at either end and a parlor, dining room, and kitchen in the center. The parlor was an elegant room, beautifully furnished with lace curtains at the windows and a piano as its crowning glory. We kept the door closed to this room; it was used only for visiting guests and special occasions when my mother played the piano and we sat quiet as mice enthralled with the beautiful sound.

We children seldom used the front entrance to the house, as the back led to our playground. From the back door we walked



Opposite: Smith Sand Fleas (from left) Myrtle, Irene, Helen, and baby Hattie had the run of Stearns Wharf from 1902 to 1908. Above top: Their playground stretched from the wharf to the foot of the Mesa. Above: Winter storms caused excitement—and sometimes damage to the Smith house. Above right: Summers meant trips to Grandfather's ranch south of town or adventures up San Marcos Pass to the other side of the mountains.

out onto a boardwalk about 20 by 50 feet square, down the steps, and to the sand. On the ocean side stood a solid wall about five feet high, with wood stacked along it for our kitchen stove. A clothesline stretched the 50-foot length, and at the end stood our outhouse, a three-holer with one small hole built lower to the floor for us little ones. One day my younger sister decided she had grown up enough to use the bigger one. Responding to her pitiful screams for help, we found her small body had slipped too far into the larger hole, and only her feet and arms held her up till help arrived.

Rather than having to brave the dark cold nights to get to the outhouse, we kept "thunder mugs" under our beds, and since we had no real bathroom, our weekly baths took place in a washtub in our kitchen with water heated on the wood stove. The

stove kept the kitchen and dining room nice and warm, so we spent most of our evenings around the dining room table, playing games and talking in the light of a kerosene lamp. But the days we spent outside.

An iron fence and sidewalk ran five blocks from the wharf to Castillo Street. Young palm trees grew along the boulevard, which ended in a plaza at the west end against a hill called the Mesa. Near the plaza and its wide beds of brilliant flowers were a pool hall, a bowling alley, and the city's heated swimming pool completely enclosed in glass.

A road led up the hill just behind the plaza to the Dibblee estate, with a beautiful view of the waterfront and boulevard. Almost daily we could see stately horses and fancy carriages with coachmen driving the Dibbles down the Mesa. And to the east of the wharf along the waterfront, other large estates sent their prancing horses and beautiful carriages to parade along the boulevard.

Across the street and to the west of us stood the Potter Hotel, which covered a square block. The ocean side was planted to lawn, with a drive up the center to the hotel. This drive was also lined in palm trees, with an orange grove on one side and a display of roses, poinsettias, and

other flowers and blooming shrubs on the other. Wealthy guests arriving from the snow and cold of eastern states found just what they wanted for their winter vacations—warm sunny days, a beautiful luxury hotel, and golden fruit always ripe for the picking. Quite often we took walks through the gardens, admiring the flowers and smelling each beautiful rose. Then as we passed the orange trees on our way home, we imagined the fruit begging us to come closer. We listened, we picked, then ran before one of the many gardeners might see us.

We "Smith Sand Fleas" got our nickname from the fact that every day we could be seen running, swimming, and playing along the beach from the wharf to Castillo Street. My father spent many happy hours teaching us to swim, and I remember him showing us how to make floats from broken corks washed ashore from fishnets in the channel. We tied the corks to the four corners of a flour sack and climbed into the resulting "hammock," drifting with the tide like sea gulls bobbing back and forth in the water.

One morning on our playground we found that a dead whale had been washed ashore during the night. My sisters' eyes were as big as saucers looking at this huge creature—we never imagined such a tre-

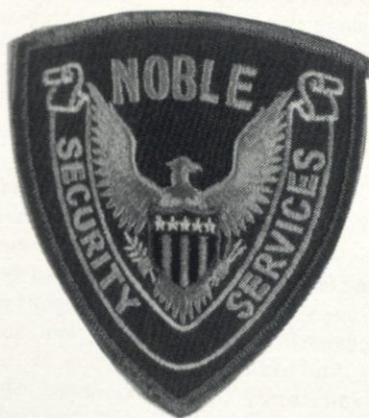


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mendous beast might be lurking in deep water just beyond the breakers. Before long a crew of men arrived, poured oil on the whale, and set fire to it. Thick black smoke filled the air, and we spent hours running through the billowing curtain. Mother was less than thrilled with our escapade, as our faces and clothes were permeated with greasy black soot. It took countless tubs of hot soapy water to get us clean, and then, too, there were our clothes to wash. But one day my older sister made up for it. She found a dead sea gull on the beach, cut a beautiful white wing off the bird, and took it to our mother. I have no recollection of ever seeing another hat with a sea gull wing for trimming.

Winter storms from the south sometimes caused damage to the pilings and tanks of the wharf. One morning during one of these southeasters, we woke up to the sound of the ocean hitting our walls and rushing under the house. Looking out the windows, we saw our playground of sand had disappeared, and all along the boulevard the ocean crashed to the tops of the palm trees and over the street. We discovered we were trapped inside the house. Finally, with help from men on the wharf, my father got a heavy plank and placed one end on our front steps and the other on the wharf. He carried us one by one across the "bridge" to safety. Then we all walked up State Street across the railroad tracks to the Noble Hotel and stayed there till the storm passed and we could safely return home.

Cattle periodically invaded our playground. These came from Santa Cruz Island 30 miles across the channel. They were brought to Santa Barbara by barge and dumped in the ocean to swim ashore. Our mother always made us stay in the house till the cowboys came and rounded them up, herded them up State Street to the railroad, and shipped them out to market.

Another commodity that came from the islands was dried abalone. A small settlement of Chinese people occupied a block near State Street and Canon Perdido, and several of the men spent time on the islands harvesting abalone. They pried them with crowbars off the rocks at low tide, scooped the meat from the shells, and dried it until each piece was about the size of a baseball. They put the meat in gunny sacks and brought it to the wharf, perhaps 50 or more sacks at a time. We found that dried abalone was wonderful to chew on, so we would look for a sack with an easy opening and squeeze one out. Our father would trim the edges off with a sharp knife and cut it into thin slices for us. This was much better than gum, and no one ever seemed

to mind us taking just one abalone out of so many.

Most of the lumber and merchandise for local stores came to Santa Barbara on freighters that plied up and down the coast. The wharf's two full-time clerks kept busy receiving the incoming goods and checking it back out to the local merchants. Crews of longshoremen swarmed everywhere, stacking lumber and filling and emptying the warehouse at the end of the pier. Passenger boats—the *Orizaba* and the *Santa Rosa*—also brought merchandise to town on their weekly trips between Los Angeles and San Francisco. The passengers nearly always had a few hours to disembark and see a little of the city while the goods were being unloaded. My sisters and I looked forward to the excitement of these visits. We always listened eagerly for the horn blast that could be heard all over town, announcing that a ship would soon dock.

My father's friend, Solon Smith, had a ranch south of town between Summerland and Carpinteria. During the summer months when he came to town, quite often he took one or two of us back with the horse and buggy to spend a week at the ranch.

The farmhouse was a white two-story building with a rose garden in front and a white picket fence all around. Upstairs were three bedrooms, and downstairs were a huge kitchen, a large dining room, and an elegant parlor similar to our own. But instead of a piano, there was an organ with an amazing array of push-button stops. We never knew what mysterious sounds we would get by pushing the buttons, but it was great fun to play them while pumping furiously on the pedals to create air for the sounds.

The living room had a leather couch and rocking chairs, and this was where we spent our evenings in the light of kerosene lamps. We loved to hear Grandfather tell us of his early days in Santa Barbara.

Driven by the thought of having to spend another frigid winter in Illinois, he made two exploratory trips to the west coast of Washington, Oregon, and California in the early 1880s. He decided that Santa Barbara was the perfect place to raise his family, which included my father, who was 14 at the time, one son older and another younger. My grandmother was delighted to move out west to the ranch he bought south of Santa Barbara. Grandfather never failed to praise his sons for the hard work they put in helping him develop the land. He told us that most days before sunset the boys would cross the road to the beach for a well-deserved swim in the ocean.

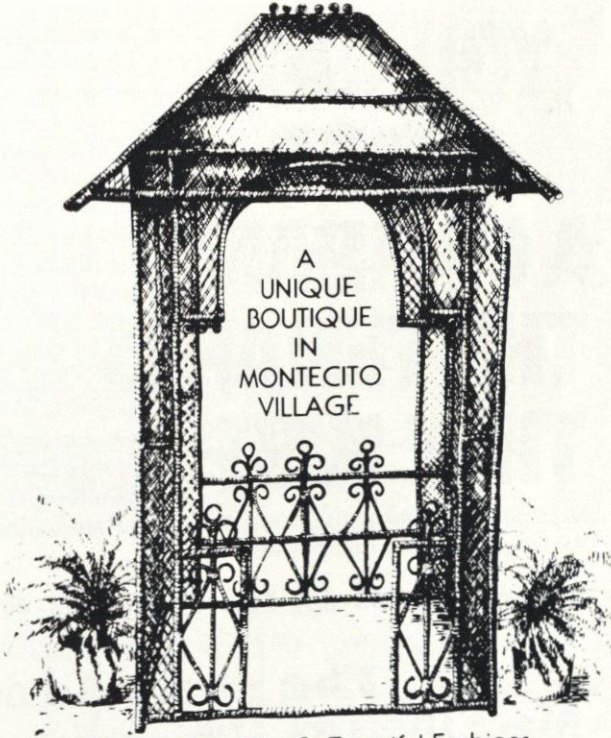
Grandfather was always the first one up in the morning. Waking up was quite dif-



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ferent for us in the country than at home on the beach. Grandfather started the fire with eucalyptus leaves, so a delicious aroma always greeted us along with the birds who were already awake and singing.

After breakfast Grandfather tended his chores. He fed the chickens, which had the run of the ranch and roosted in the trees at night, fed the horse, fed and milked the cow, and started the well pump that brought water to a raised tank outside. Pipes ran from the tank to the kitchen, where another pump brought water to the sink.

One day a week after the morning chores, Grandfather spent the morning in the kitchen helping with the wash. Grandmother put the clothes into a wooden tub on legs, and then my grandfather, sitting in a chair, rocked it back and forth with a rocker handle. After a while he opened a spigot at the bottom of the tub to drain out several buckets of the soapy water. He then refilled the tub with water and rocked it back and forth again. After this was done, my grandmother hung the clothes in the backyard to dry. Beyond her I can still see our "thunder mugs" rinsed and hung on the picket fence to dry.

My grandparents had a large fruit orchard, vegetable garden, berry patch, potato patch, and rows of olive trees whose puckery fruit filled a wooden barrel at the back door. A large part of the land was planted in hay, and at harvest time my grandfather stacked enough in the barn to last all year. Lima beans were his cash crop, and without irrigation, he depended on the fog for moisture.

Near the olive barrel, the screened-in back porch had a cupboard my grandmother called the safe. This had shelves from floor to ceiling where she kept the milk in pans about 4 inches deep and 15 inches across. The sweet milk was on the bottom shelf, and the milk to be skimmed of the cream for butter was on the top. Grandmother always had more butter than she could use, so she took the surplus along with extra eggs to the Summerland grocery store to trade for flour, sugar, lard, and so forth.

Grandmother kept two big lard buckets hanging from a nail on the back porch. She filled these with the most delicious cookies—one sugar and the other molasses—and told us to help ourselves whenever we got hungry. We were also welcome to climb the apricot trees in search of the ripest, most luscious fruit.

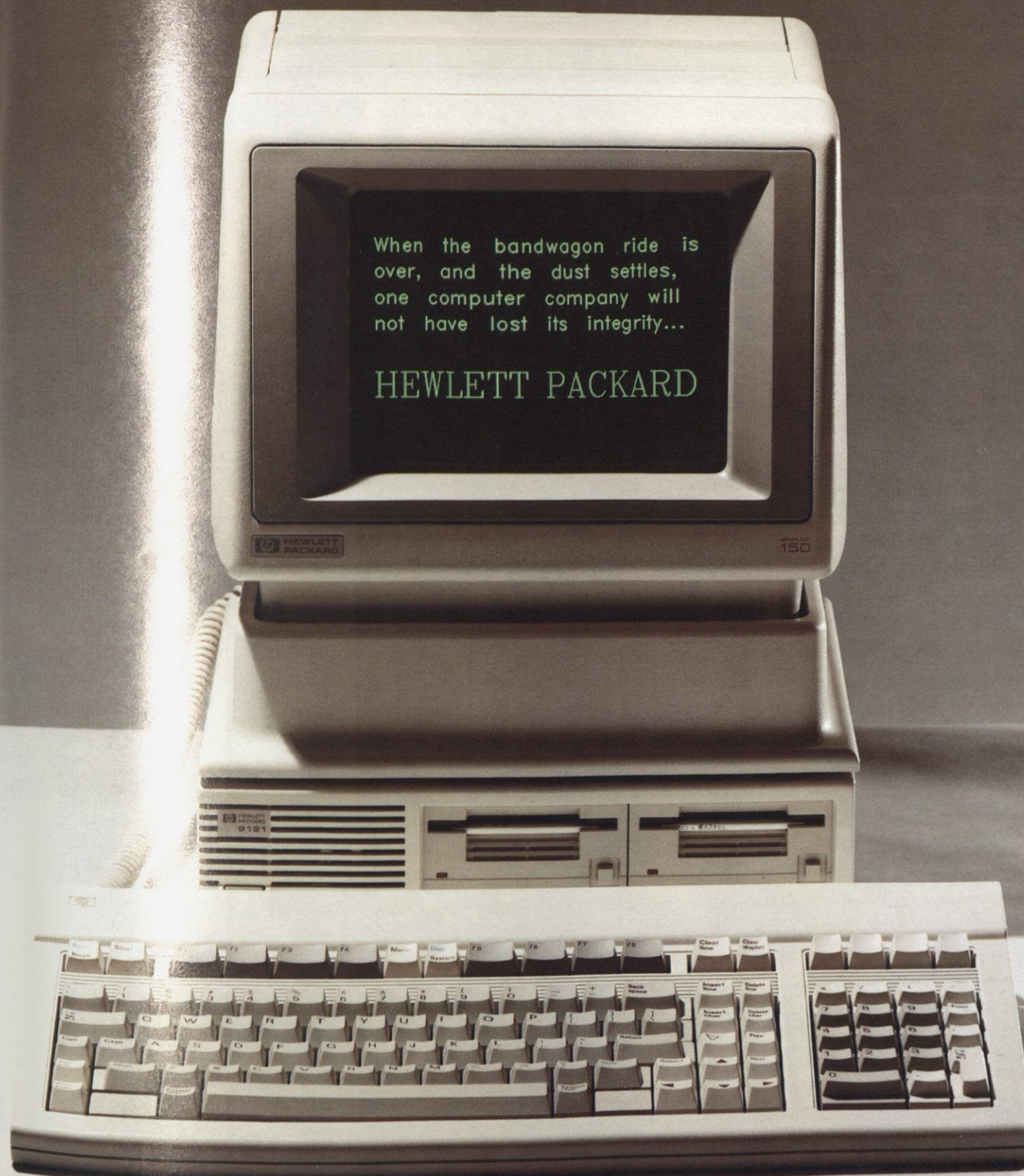
During the day we'd take turns riding Grandfather's horse bareback. Or we'd explore the endlessly fascinating creek

Continued on page 48

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Santa Barbara's Silicon Coast

By Georgia Sargeant

■ Paul Lee, a semiretired physicist and inventor who lives in Isla Vista, wards off boredom by designing pollution-measuring instruments for the Environmental Protection Agency. His Radio Shack home computer didn't work quite the way he wanted it to, so he bought some new operational software from Pick and Trout, a Goleta firm that designs and sells specialized computer programs. Paul's machine does just what he wants: it amuses guests with a program that asks questions and responds in perfect psychobabble style.

■ Eight-year-old Chad Brantingham, a third grader at Camino School in Carpinteria, loves to play games on the family Atari computer. He was never interested in learning to program it. A couple of months ago his father got him an unusual new educational program called LOGO, then spent an evening—against some resistance—showing him how to use it. The next night Chad showed his father at the door with an enthusiastic, "Come here, Dad, let me show you what I made it do!"

■ Michele Major worked for years as a legal secretary, but her child was born and she wanted to work from home. Now she has a neat little computer with a good printer in what used to be a dining room of her "electronic cottage." Sometimes she misses the change of scenery going elsewhere to work and the stimulation of working with others, but most of the time she enjoys the

freedom to organize her time as she sees fit. And her clients appreciate the ease with which their technical reports can be revised and corrected with her Word Perfect word-processing service.

■ Bob Dolan seems supercharged with energy. Every morning he pops out of bed and drives to work at ComDesign, a small Goleta company that makes computer accessories called multiplexors, which link groups of computers in different locales via phone line. ComDesign happens to be the fifty-fifth fastest growing small private company in the country, according to *Inc.* magazine; it has had an overall growth rate of 1,944 percent over the past five years. And Bob Dolan, a 29-year-old UCSB dropout, started it.

■ Wayne Norris, an independent computer consultant with an engaging five-year-old son, currently works at Santa Barbara Research Center. If his work projects run into overtime, or if little Brian gets sick and has to stay home from school, Wayne can connect the computer terminal at his house on the Mesa with the one at work in Goleta and tend to business from home.

WHETHER they are aware of it or not, these people are all part of an invisible revolution that is expected to affect our daily lives as deeply as the industrial revolution altered the world of our forefathers. Some call the current trend the communi-



Photography by Jürgen Hilmer



Opposite: At Advanced Computer Communications (ACC), one of Santa Barbara's most successful low profile, high tech companies, computer scientist Alan Weiskopfer checks and rechecks the company's newest multiplexers. **Left:** Dynamic telecommunications expert Roland Bryan came to town 15 years ago to hook up UCSB's first cumbersome computer to ARPAnet, a government-sponsored web connecting universities and R & D firms all over the country. Bryan eventually founded ACC, with annual sales that rose from \$400,000 to \$7.6 million in six years. **Above:** Stacks of electronic parts surround Santa Barbara's genial Bob Dolan, the 29-year-old head of ComDesign. His firm is the fifty-fifth fastest-growing small privately owned company in the country.



communications revolution; some label it the dawn of the age of information. Either way, its emblem is the silicon microchip, its agent is the computer, and its impact on our country is just beginning to be recognized.

Most of us know just enough about it to feel apprehensive and uncomfortable. Computer people seem like a breed apart, rattling off incomprehensible jargon, and many computer applications—robots, spaceship navigation, artificial intelligence—sound like pure science fiction. We know we ought to try to understand what's going on, but it seems impossible to make heads or tails of the situation.

As it happens, we are in a perfect position to check out the dawn of the information age right in our own backyard. Sleepy little Santa Barbara has been a major spawning ground for the revolution for the past 30 years, ever since the first of our many

research and development firms came to town. Futurologists regard California as the bellwether of the nation, and Santa Barbara is in the forefront of technological progress.

Not that you'd notice offhand. Newcomers, visitors, and downtown types usually see the town as a tasteful blend of tourist mecca, retirement heaven, land of the rich, carefree campus by the sea, mellowville, and den of ecology. But a drive through the commercial and industrial districts of Santa Barbara, Goleta, and even Carpinteria will reveal literally hundreds of unobtrusive buildings labeled with mysterious technospeak titles—Thick Films, Quad Group, Pneu Devices—and an ambiguous alphabet soup of titles like ACC, CMC, EG&G, and DMA. According to Frank Robinson of the Santa Barbara Chamber of Commerce, scientific and technical firms are

the largest employers in the area, with roughly 12,000 employees (the runner-up is education, with about 10,000). Anything that big has got to have a profound effect on the life of the community. Yet most of us are scarcely aware that the high-tech community exists.

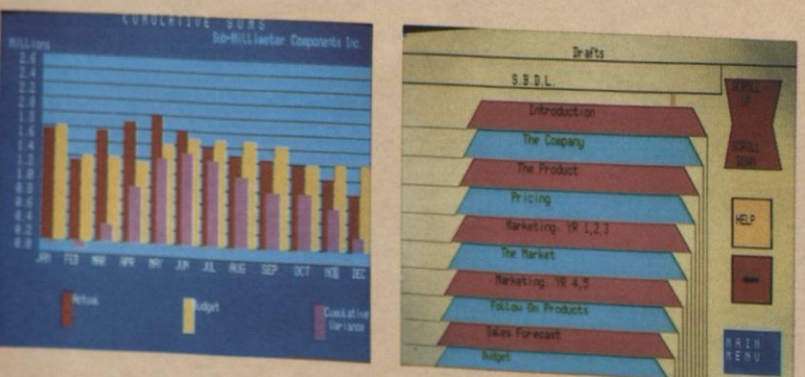
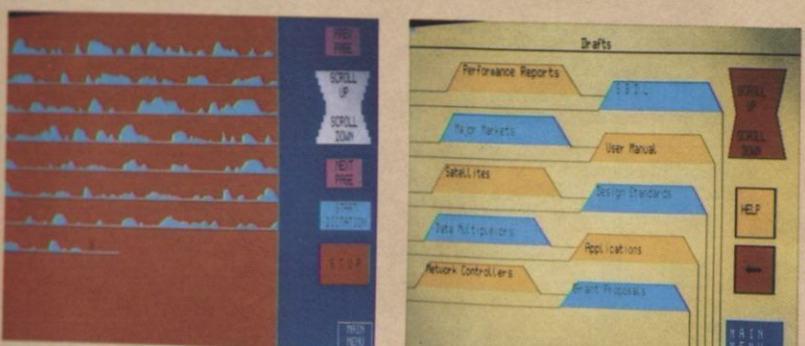
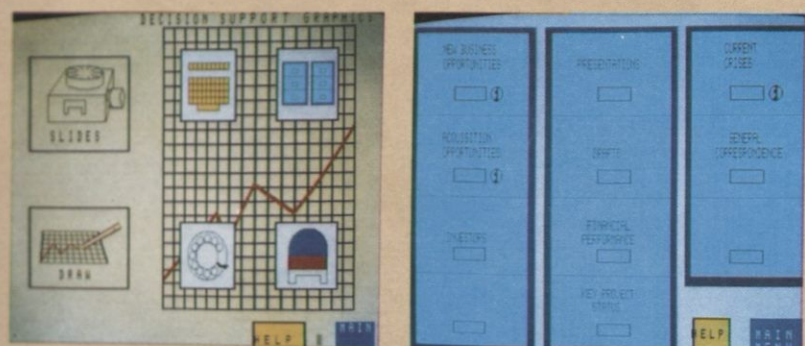
One explanation for this low profile is that the first, and still biggest, high-tech companies in the area—Santa Barbara Research Center (SBRC), Raytheon, Delco, General Research Company (GRC)—were primarily involved with classified government research, much of it military. SBRC makes spacecraft and satellites; Raytheon makes "exciters and jammers" to confuse enemy aircraft and missiles; Delco makes computers for guiding missiles, spacecraft, airplanes, ships, and tanks; and GRC studies the effective deployment of military resources in peacetime and war. People working on top-secret projects like these can't very well chat about their work with the neighbors.

Although these giants were once the high-tech companies, they are no longer pre-eminent. The emphasis is switching from government work to the commercial marketplace as more and more daring local entrepreneurs launch successful computer companies. Santa Barbara is rapidly becoming the Silicon Coast.

It was the unspoiled beauty of the area that first drew the "smokeless industries" to town. "I knew it was the kind of place where smart people would want to live," explains Richard C. Raymond, who founded General Electric's influential TEMU think tank here in 1956. "Don't misinterpret me; I wasn't being altruistic. When the president of G.E. once asked me why I wanted to start out here, I pointed out that I'd have to pay people \$5,000 a year more for the same job in Schenectady. Every



Above: Vicki White, computer operator at Delco, examines the immensely complex chip design displayed on her Computer-Aided Graphics (CAD) work station. Delco uses these terminals to design the integrated circuits for each new generation of sophisticated avionics computers. Delco is the part of General Motors that designs both computers and other electronic equipment, from the relatively simple units that check oil pressure and monitor fuel in the company's cars, to the complex "brains" of missiles and satellite-launching rockets. **Opposite:** Delco engineers Bill Drechsler and John Losse set the control signals for specific vibration levels in the Delco environmental lab, sort of a space-age torture chamber where the tough Magic series of computers are exhaustively tested.



time there was a story in the wire services about TEMPO we'd get 500 unsolicited job applications."

Today TEMPO continues its work in research and analysis as Kaman Tempo, but according to general manager David Foxwell, things have changed. "The state of the local economy is such—that with the price of local housing—that we have to pay our top people even more than other areas." Nevertheless, smart people still like to live in Santa Barbara.

High technology is a trendy umbrella term covering aerospace and medical equipment, telecommunications, and computers, all well represented locally. All of these fields, progress is very much tied to advances in electronics, new materials and machinery, and especially computerization.

For example, high-tech satellites like the Landsat weather watchers relayed by SBRC take data gathered by external sensors into internal computers, then transmit it down to earthbound computers to be processed into humanly useful form. And industrial robots like the gigantic pincers at Intel Systems down by the tracks in Goleta are operated by computer. The computer is the heart of high tech.

Much of the basic research that makes these advances possible is funded by the federal government and major corporations like IBM, General Motors, and Motorola. But a disproportionate amount of the original research is actually done in small companies like some of our local firms—Glen Culler's CHI, Roland Bryan's ACC, and Richard Reigert's Quantum Group. The little guys invent cutting-edge technology, then the big firms take it and apply it to their massive projects. According to Reigert, a crystal chemist who has started a whole string of vanguard companies locally, Santa Barbara has as many top

C O M P U T E R S P E A K

TALKING ABOUT COMPUTERS can land you in a swamp of intimidating jargon, partly scientific, partly based on ordinary English words used in confusing new ways. Because some of the words are familiar, you can easily get the illusion you understand more than you do. Computer people not only use old words in new ways, they also redefine them. For example, to most of us *documentation* means "verification" or "certification," such as in a *well-documented case* or an *undocumented hacker*. But in computerland, *documentation* means "instructional material" or "manuals."

Although much of it is in-group slang, some computer jargon refers to genuinely novel objects and processes. To begin at the beginning, the word *computer* stands for a souped-up calculating machine with a tremendous capacity to handle information—to receive "input data," move it around, separate it into different categories, and find ("access" or "retrieve") facts already stored. The microprocessor is the tiny part that actually processes the data.

The entrails of early computers were rather like those of a radio—mostly wires, transistors, and switches. Arranged on plastic boards, they were hooked up in specific patterns (the "architecture") to give each machine its particular capabilities. Built in the late 1940s and early '50s, the earliest models required many interconnected bits and pieces that they took up whole buildings and cost millions of dollars. Those first huge mainframe computers operated on data stored on punchcards—"Do

not fold, spindle, or mutilate," remember?

In the late '50s some clever devil realized that channels carved into little wafers cut from silicon crystals could regulate the flow of electricity just as wires and switches do. These etched silicon wafers, known as "chips," are very small. A chip the size of your baby fingernail can do the same work as a roomful of wires and transistors. It's also far more resistant to wear and tear—and cheaper and easier to make. In the decade after microprocessor chips arrived on the scene, computers shrank from the size of buildings to the size of shoeboxes and from the price of jet planes to the price of bicycles.

Computers are digital, which means they function internally by turning electronic switches on and off. On is represented in computer code by the number one; off by zero. This gives a two-number, or binary, code system. Digital systems register *whether* an event has occurred. In contrast, analog systems measure *how much*.

Information is fed into contemporary computers through a typewriter-style keyboard. The microprocessor heart of the machine translates each key's stroke into a string of ones and zeroes, or "bits" of information. Eight bits make a computer word, or byte. In general, the more bits a chip can process in one gulp, the faster it works and the more "powerful" it is said to be. Most personal computers these days use 8-bit microprocessor chips while expensive business computers sometimes have 16-bit chips. Special scientific computers may have 32-bit chips. They can do so

many mathematical operations so fast they earned the name "number crunchers."

Information is stored electromagnetically in the computer in the same way a tape recorder stores sound on magnetic tape. The computer itself has some capacity to store information in its "memory," but much of the space is taken up by the "operating system," or built-in instructions that tell the computer what to do with your pecks and pokes at the keyboard.

Anything more powerful than a game computer needs an additional memory bank, which can be either an ordinary tape cassette or a recordlike "disk." Like recording tape, disks are coated with magnetic material—iron oxide. They can be recorded on, read, erased repeatedly, and can hold much more information than cassette tapes. They may be flexible ("floppy") or rigid ("hard") disks hold the most information and either single- or double-sided. Their "density" indicates how closely they can be packed with facts. The "disk drive" that plays them is like a tape deck. The "head" is the part that reads and records on the disk.

The computer can translate the magnetic impulses stored on tape or disk into "soft copy"—letters, numbers, pictures and charts ("graphics") displayed on a video screen, or "monitor." It can also produce "hard copy"—which involves sending the data through a printer to be typed out on paper. Dot-matrix printers form characters out of dots—you've seen them on supermarket cash register receipts. They are fast

Continued on page 63



Opposite, far left: A light tap on the "virtual icons" displayed on the touch-sensitive color screen of the Santa Barbara Development Lab (SBDL) executive work station gives instant access to the machine's many and varied functions. Over a year of market research went into the creation of this computer—targeted for the top management of large companies. Images represent file cabinets, hanging file and manila folders, telephone and directory, electronic and voice "mail," spread sheets and other business graphics, a dictation machine that manifests a voice print, and the controls for inter-office teleconferencing. **Opposite, left:** SBDL founder and chief designer Michael Cheiky and company president Jack Conroy show off their keyboardless wonder, which should be on the market in June.



quality scientists per capita as any place in the country.

The cutting edge of technology is not always a safe place to do business, as Reigert has reason to know. Last year the Federal Commerce Department dealt Quad Group a crippling blow by forbidding it to ship a factory's worth of prepurchased equipment for making quadra-bubble memory chips to a French firm that had previously been approved by the State Department. Reigert shrugs the catastrophe off; he has been honored as one of the world's 100 best industrial scientists four times in his career, and already he is headed in a new direction. "It happens all the time," he says briskly.

Reigert is independent in the extreme, like most of the people who have started our local entrepreneurial companies. Few are alumni of big corporate organizations

like Delco and Raytheon, which often tend to hire organization types, team players, and specialists. Instead, most of our entrepreneurs are mavericks spawned by UCSB's Computer Systems Laboratory, which was started in 1964 by mathematician Glen Culler, the godfather of Santa Barbara's computer industry.

Culler is a kind-faced, soft-voiced man with a slightly abstracted manner, as though his mind is so full of ideas that he scarcely has room to notice anything else. Twenty years ago he brought a multi-million dollar computer to UCSB and a contract to develop interactive graphics, the process that replaced the punchcards of yore with typewriter keyboards and letters and numbers on a video screen.

Soon after Culler arrived came telecommunications specialist Roland Bryan to supervise the integration of the UCSB



Right: William Weill, manager of the Flexible Manufacturing Systems division of B-J Systems, puts the latest of the giant industrial robot pincers sent to Santa Barbara for programming through their paces in the company's echoing warehouse. **Above:** No, it's not Artoo-Detoo of Star Wars fame, and it's not a toy. It's RB5X, commonly called "Spunky," being taught to run a maze by two Cate School seniors, Tommy Thornton and Mark Wlodarkiewicz. Spunky belongs to the Original Computer Camp of Santa Barbara, which trades use of Cate's campus in the summer for the school's winter use of more than 200 Apple, Atari, and Commodore computers. Spunky gives Cate students an introduction to the basic principles of tomorrow's world of artificial intelligence.



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computer into ARPAnet, a government-sponsored web of computers found in businesses and campuses all over the country. (ARPAnet was set up originally by the Department of Defense and the National Security Agency on the grounds that any advances in computer technology were likely to have military applications). By the time Culler left UCSB in 1967 to start CHI, his own research and development firm, the university boasted an extraordinary 55 computer classrooms throughout the campus. UCSB had become a hive of original computer activity.

Culler himself is only beginning to reap the financial rewards of his original work, perhaps because he was always more concerned with extending his research than with turning it into commercial products. An early CHI array processor (the number-crunching piece of a scientific computer that allows it to do a great many calculations at very high speed) is the company that bought the right to produce it over \$30 million a year.

During the early to mid '70s, when it was difficult for small research and development firms to get operating capital from the private sector, CHI focused on government projects. One of these involved sending data over long distances via phone line and satellite at tremendous rates of speed (like a million bits per second), accurately and secretly, so it could avoid interception.

As a side issue, since some of this data was to be transmitted in voice messages, CHI pioneered the digitalization of sound, a process that represents the rise and fall of pitch and volume as a series of digits. These numbers can be either stored in computer memory or converted and transmitted back into sound much more quickly than the loudspeaker-type signals used by conventional audio equipment. Also, the numbers can be scrambled and unscrambled mathematically, making it difficult to spy on such messages.

In the late '70s, a change in federal tax laws made it much more lucrative for private investors to provide capital for independent researchers and small start-up companies like CHI. The result has been a burst of business activity, particularly in high-tech fields. An infusion of money and managerial support from one of the country's top venture capitalists has given Culler the resources to perfect and manufacture a scientific computer that meets the highest mathematical needs. It is based on a very smart silicon chip Culler developed with Motorola, which produces many of the most advanced microprocessors around today. Culler's new scientific computer

should be on the market early in 1985.

After succeeding Culler at the helm of UCSB's computer center, dynamic telecommunications specialist Roland Bryan left in 1975 to found Associated Computer Consultants (ACC), recently renamed Advanced Computer Communications. ACC specializes in teaching different makes of computers to communicate with each other. Originally, the big computer manufacturers like Wang, IBM, Burroughs, and Digital designed their machines for different purposes, with entirely different internal structures and languages. As a result of specialization, such mainframe monsters communicate through different procedures; if you were to hook one up directly to another brand, the result would be chaos.

For a long time this presented no problem to the business community, since each company just bought the brand of equipment best suited to its needs. But when the federal government faced itself with thousands of computers of different makes, all full of untransferrable information, it commissioned ACC to develop hardware and software to connect the different brands so they could communicate directly with each other across America's wide open spaces. Since many major corporations wound up with similar problems, ACC now makes a whole line of translating and transmitting devices. The company's annual sales rose from \$400,000 in 1976 to \$7.3 million in 1982, and ACC is going public this year.

The most spectacular of our recent local success stories belongs to 29-year-old Bob Dolan, who didn't even get to finish up at UCSB. Originally a student and then an employee of Roland Bryan's, he and two friends started ComDesign in 1978, in a commercial space and the style of a garage. After three years of scraping along, they came out with a device called a multiplexer, which gathers signals from all the computer equipment in one area, condenses and encodes them and ships it via a single phone line to another locale. There it is deciphered and redistributed appropriately—just the sort of thing your bank, for example, needs to keep accounts current at all its farflung branches. The device pays for itself within months in long distance charges saved. ComDesign's customer list already reads like the *Fortune* 500, and the company is growing so rapidly that it was listed as 1983's fifty-fifth fastest growing small company in the country by *Inc.* magazine. Dolan recently brought in marketing wizard Ralph Armstrong to cement the company's position.

The atmosphere at ComDesign is charged with camaraderie and zest. "It's pretty



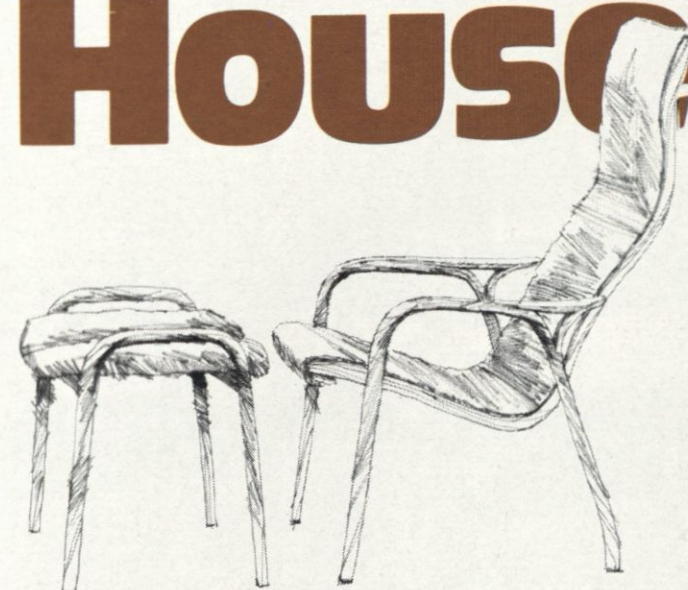
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Judy Sutcliffe's TRADITION IN TILE

~ ~ ~

BY GAYLE STONE

SANTA BARBARA'S preeminent muralist Judy Sutcliffe dresses casually in jeans and a sweater. She is a slender woman, and her long dark hair sweeps elegantly to the back of her head. She smiles and touches the corner of a wooden worktable in her studio. "I like to work with my hands," she explains modestly. "I like to do." Her eyes glance at the tiles spread across the table waiting to be painted.

Credited with reviving the nearly lost art of tile murals in Santa Barbara, Sutcliffe has created works for businesses, public buildings, and private homes throughout the South Coast. Her individual tiles can be seen in Gallery 113 and La Fendita del Presidio in downtown Santa Barbara.

Her Santa Barbara studio, Sutcliffe Custom Tile—is in her Mesa home on Cliff Drive. She draws and paints both in her living room and garage. But the converted garage is where she keeps her tools. There the walls are covered with work—vibrantly painted tiles in the colors of earth and sky. Boxes of unpainted commercial tiles are stacked low across from the door. Some tiles she will use on jobs; others she keeps as samples for her clients.

"When people come in," she explains, "they usually have the basic tile, and they're going to put up where they want the mural. Sometimes they have wallpaper and paint samples, and they need to match them."

From walls to fountains to doorplaces, Sutcliffe paints scenes of undersea wildlife, Viking sailing ships, soaring mallard ducks, delicately detailed seashells, dramatic bouquets of flowers in wicker baskets, dragons, dinosaurs, horses, ranches, and scenes from clients' lives. She also paints such seemingly simple designs as trim—tiles with a band of color to outline cupboards, doorways, windows, and entire rooms.

"I listen to my customers a lot," the soft-spoken artist says. "Sometimes they'll come in with a very specific idea. If they don't, I'll ask questions until ideas come up. They feel, I think, that they really participate in



Santa Barbara once again sparkles with new tile murals thanks to artist Judy Sutcliffe. Above: Surrounded by samples of her richly painted tiles, Sutcliffe displays a farm scene in progress for a client's kitchen. Opposite, center: One of her five public murals, the courthouse plaque commemorates the recent visit of Britain's royalty. Opposite, bottom: Sutcliffe honored the Popcorn Man in this Steeple Wharf bench. For decades he doled out candy, balloons, and happiness to wharf visitors. Opposite, from top, and above right: The artist celebrates familiar Santa Barbara scenes in mini-murals of tile.

the process. And it's always a great deal of fun."

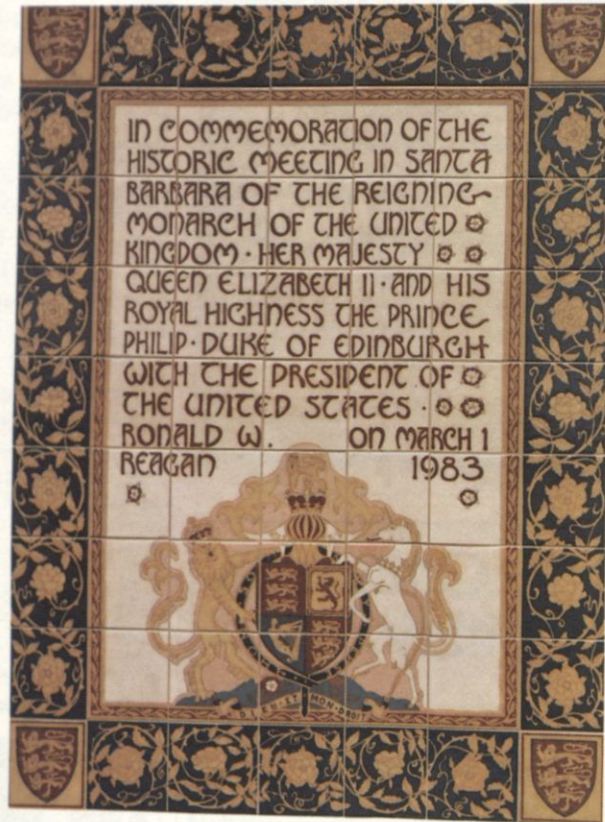
Sutcliffe's favorite mural is the courthouse plaque she completed to commemorate the visit of Britain's Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip to Santa Barbara last year. "I think it's the best thing I've done in terms of something befitting idea and building," Sutcliffe explains. She designed the mural in the 1920s style of the Spanish-Moorish courthouse. Displaying the British royal coat of arms, the plaque is bordered by 24 large golden roses, each rendered differently. The 63 richly decorated tiles

are set into the west side of the courthouse, across the street from the main library.

The project presented a problem few other artists have to deal with. "The tile kept exploding in the kiln," Sutcliffe says. "Every once in a while, one tile on a shelf would shatter. Then the pieces would land on the other tiles and ruin them, too." She explains that unfortunately some of the commercial tiles had contained water. With intense heat, the water became steam and burst them. There was nothing Sutcliffe could do. "I just kept painting to replace the ruined ones," she says and smiles. "Still,

the mural was a joy to do."

Born in Iowa 42 years ago and raised there, Sutcliffe graduated from the University of Iowa in 1963 with a double major in English and Chinese. She also took two pottery courses. After trying various jobs, she settled in Audubon, her hometown, in 1968. There she began a pottery business with money borrowed from her father. Before long she had seven employees and was producing wholesale pottery items for gift shops across the Midwest. Included in her repertoire were single hand-painted quarry tiles. "Pigs and cows and so forth,"



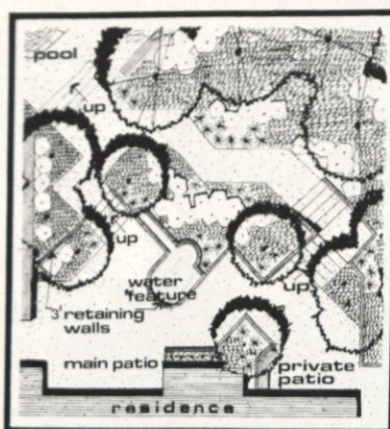


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she explains. "And then in 1978 I came to visit in California and saw whole murals of tile. I said, 'Oh! I can do that!'"

Encouraged by a Santa Barbara friend, Sutcliffe picked the name of an interior decorator from the phone book. "I went down and asked him if he knew anyone painting tiles and if he thought it was worthwhile," Sutcliffe remembers. "He said he didn't know of anybody doing it, and that nobody did it because it'd never sell. On the basis of that, I moved here." She laughs with delight. "That was my marketing research. I decided he was wrong, and it was worth the chance. It was one of those grand risks."

The grand risk paid off, and Sutcliffe's business was quickly successful. Over the years since, she has developed her own mural techniques. When she begins, she seldom makes preliminary sketches. She

"I came to visit in California and saw whole murals of tile. I said, 'Oh! I can do that!'"

lays out the tiles, figures the allotted space, and starts right in painting with a ceramic underglaze. When she's finished, the client can ask for changes since the underglaze rubs or washes off. Once she and the client agree the mural is ready, she paints the tiles again with colored glazes and fires them at an earthenware temperature in her electric kilns. Later she assists the tile setter so that none of the tiles is inadvertently set upside down.

"I really do enjoy it," Sutcliffe says, smiling broadly. "My customers have taught me many things. They have interesting ideas in different fields, all with new things I have to learn about. In the process, my eye and hand get better and better. The work has enormous variety. I just want to keep learning more. And I hope that Santa Barbara never runs out of houses that need tile."

Gayle Stone writes suspense novels and teaches fiction in Santa Barbara.



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Continued from page 39

and relatively inexpensive. Letter-quality printers are slower and more expensive, but make copy as readable as a good electric typewriter.

One computer can transmit data to another over a telephone line via a gadget called a modem. And many computers can be linked together into a "network," giving each access to all the others' resources by means of a multiplexer, which directs electronic traffic like a cop at an intersection. A "local area network," or LAN, interconnects computers and accessory machines in nearby rooms or buildings. Long-distance networks can be used by telephone line or communication satellite.

The term *peripherals* refers to computer accessories—monitors, printers, disk drives, modems, multiplexers. Machines are called "hardware." The internal instructions that make them work are called "software" or "programs." Programs are organized sets of commands to the computer written in semimathematical codes, or "languages" such as BASIC, PASCAL, FORTRAN, COBOL, and so on. Some languages work better for business, some for science, and some for games.

The computer's software is built in in layers—think of it like an onion. At the core is the operating system that acts as a foundation for further programming. Different brands of computers using the same operating system and language can use the same "applications" software, such as word processing, spread sheet, general ledger and game programs.

Applications software is usually written by professional programmers. The software may be quite simple or it may be very complex, involving hundreds or thousands of commands to the computer. If this happens, do that) and taking you to write and perfect. Problems and mistakes are called "bugs"; to fix either hardware or software is to "debug" it. Software can be so difficult and time-consuming to write and debug that it can wind up costing a fortune to produce. It is usually copyrighted, which means in part that it may not be copied or sold without paying royalties to the owner.

You can use a computer successfully even if you cannot program it. All you have to do is issue the prescribed series of commands—like filling in the blanks—to tell the machine what to do with the information you're typing into it.

Hardware and software that are easy for us low-tech types to use are described as "user friendly." This may sound like a trick at first. But once you know a little of the language, computerland doesn't seem like such an alien landscape after all.

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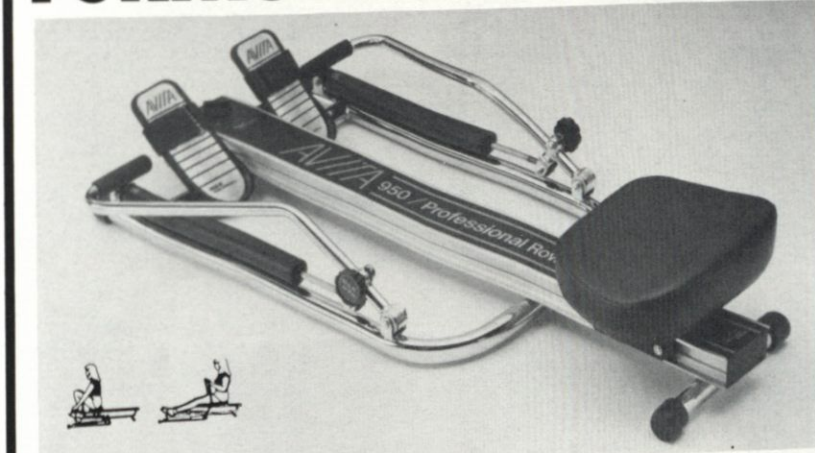
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